THE

BRITISH POETS.

VOL. XXXIII.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for J. BALFOUR and W. CREECH,

M, DCC, LXXIII.

BRITISH
MUSEUM

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq;

EDINBURGH:

Printed for J. BALFOUR and W. CREECH.

M, DCC, LXXIII.

BRITISH
MUSEUM

THE

CONTENTS.

	Page
To Mr Dryden	vii
A poem to his Majeſty, preſented to the Lord Keeper	1
A tranſlation of all Virgil's fourth Georgic, except the ſtory of Ariſteus	13
A ſong for St Cecilia's Day at Oxford	27
An account of the greateſt Engliſh Poets, to Mr Henry Sacheverell, April 3. 1694	30
A letter from Italy, to the Right Hon. Charles Lord Halifax, in the year 1701	36
Milton's ſtile imitated, in a tranſlation of a ſtory out of the third Æneid	42
The Campaign, a poem; to his Grace the Duke of Marlborough	47
Prologue to the Tender Huſband. Spoken by Mr Wilks	65
Epilogue to the Britiſh Enchanters	67
Prologue to Phaedra and Hippolitus. Spoken by Mr Wilks	69
Horace. Ode III. Book III.	71
Ovid's Metamorphoſes. Book II. The ſtory of Phaeton	76
——Phaeton's Siſters transformed into trees	88

——The transformation of Cycnus into a Swan 90
——The ſtory of Caliſto 92
——The ſtory of Coronis, and birth of Æſculapius 98
——Ocyrrhoe transformed to a mare 102
——The transformation of Battus to a touch-ſtone 104
——The ſtory of Aglauros transformed into a ſtatue 105
——Europa's rape 110
Ovid's Metamorphoſes. Book III. The ſtory of Cadmus 113
——The transformation of Actaeon into a ſtag 119
——The birth of Bacchus 123
——The transformation of Tireſias 126
——The transformation of Echo 127
——The ſtory of Narciſſus 129
——The ſtory of Pentheus 133
——The mariners transformed to dolphins 135
——The death of Pentheus 140
Ovid's Metamorphoſes. Book IV. The ſtory of Salmacis and Hermaphroditus 142
Notes on ſome of the foregoing paſſages in Ovid's Metamorphoſes 147
To her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs of Wales, with the tragedy of Cato, Nov. 1714 169
To Sir Godfrey Kneller, on his picture of the King 172

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

TO

MR DRYDEN.

HOW long, great Poet! ſhall thy ſacred lays
Provoke our wonder, and tranſcend our praiſe?
Can neither injuries of time, or age,
Damp thy poetic heat, and quench thy rage?
Not ſo thy Ovid in his exile wrote,
Grief chill'd his breaſt, and check'd his riſing thought;
Penſive and ſad, his drooping muſe betrays
The Roman genius in its laſt decays.
Prevailing warmth has ſtill thy mind poſſeſs'd,
And ſecond youth is kindled in thy breaſt;
Thou mak'ſt the beauties of the Romans known,
And England boaſts of riches not her own;
Thy lines have heighten'd Virgil's majeſty,
And Horace wonders at himſelf in thee.
Thou teacheſt Perſius to inform our iſle
In ſmoother numbers, and a clearer ſtile;

And Juvenal, inſtructed in thy page,
Edges his ſatire, and improves his rage.
Thy copy caſts a fairer light on all,
And ſtill out-ſhines the bright original.
  Now Ovid boaſts th' advantage of thy ſong,
And tells his ſtory in the Britiſh tongue;
Thy charming verſe, and fair tranſlations, ſhow,
How thy own laurel firſt began to grow;
How wild Lycaon, chang'd by angry gods,
And frighted at himſelf, ran howling through the woods.
  O may'ſt thou ſtill the noble taſk prolong,
Nor age, nor ſickneſs interrupt thy ſong:
Then may we wondering read, how human limbs
Have water'd kingdoms, and diſſolv'd in ſtreams;
Of thoſe rich fruits that on the fertile mould
Turn'd yellow by degrees, and ripen'd into gold:
How ſome in feathers, or a ragged hide,
Have liv'd a ſecond life, and different natures try'd.
Then will thy Ovid, thus transform'd, reveal
A nobler change than he himſelf can tell.

Magd. Coll. Oxon. June 2. 1693.

The Author's age, 22.

A

POEM,

TO HIS

*MAJESTY.

Preſented to the LORD KEEPER.

* King William. Printed in the year 1695. The author's age, 24.

A

BRITISH
MUSEUM

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir JOHN SOMERS,

Lord Keeper of the Great Seal.

IF yet your thoughts are looſe from ſtate affairs,
Nor feel the burden of a kingdom's cares,
If yet your time and actions are your own,
Receive the preſent of a muſe unknown:
A muſe that in advent'rous numbers ſings
The rout of armies, and the fall of kings,
Britain advanc'd, and Europe's peace reſtor'd,
By Somers' counſels, and by Naſſau's ſword.
To you, my Lord, theſe daring thoughts belong,
Who help'd to raiſe the ſubject of my ſong;
To you the Hero of my verſe reveals
His great deſigns, to you in council tells
His inmoſt thoughts, determining the doom
Of towns unſtorm'd, and battles yet to come.
And well could you, in your immortal ſtrains,
Deſcribe his conduct, and reward his pains:
But ſince the ſtate has all your cares engroſt,
And poetry in higher thoughts is loſt,

Attend to what a leſſer muſe indites,
Pardon her faults, and countenance her flights.
On you, my Lord, with anxious fear I wait,
And from your judgment muſt expect my fate,
Who, free from vulgar paſſions, are above
Degrading envy, or miſguided love;
If you, well-pleas'd, ſhall ſmile upon my lays,
Secure of fame, my voice I'll boldly raiſe,
For next to what you write, is what you praiſe.

TO THE

KING.

WHEN now the buſineſs of the field is o'er,
The trumpets ſleep, and cannons ceaſe to roar,
When ev'ry diſmal echo is decay'd,
And all the thunder of the battle laid;
Attend, auſpicious Prince, and let the muſe
In humble accents milder thoughts infuſe.
Others, in bold prophetic numbers ſkill'd,
Set thee in arms, and lead thee to the field;
My muſe expecting on the Britiſh ſtrand
Waits thy return, and welcomes thee to land:
She oft has ſeen thee preſſing on the foe,
When Europe was concern'd in ev'ry blow;
But durſt not in heroic ſtrains rejoice;
The trumpets, drums, and cannons drown'd her voice:
She ſaw the Boyne run thick with human gore,
And floating corps lie beating on the ſhore;
She ſaw thee climb the banks, but try'd in vain
To trace her Hero through the duſty plain,
When through the thick embattell'd lines he broke,
Now plung'd amidſt the foes, now loſt in clouds of ſmoke.
O that ſome muſe renown'd for lofty verſe,
In daring numbers would thy toils rehearſe!
Draw thee belov'd in peace, and fear'd in wars,
Inur'd to noon-day ſweats, and midnight cares!

But ſtill the god-like man, by ſome hard fate,
Receives the glory of his toils too late;
Too late the verſe the mighty act ſucceeds,
One age the hero, one the poet breeds.
A thouſand years in full ſucceſſion ran,
Ere Virgil rais'd his voice and ſung the man,
Who, driv'n by ſtreſs of fate, ſuch dangers bore
On ſtormy ſeas, and a diſaſtrous ſhore,
Before he ſettled in the promis'd earth,
And gave the empire of the world its birth.
Troy long had found the Grecians bold and fierce,
Ere Homer muſter'd up their troops in verſe;
Long had Achilles quell'd the Trojans luſt,
And laid the labour of the gods in duſt,
Before the tow'ring muſe began her flight,
And drew the hero raging in the fight,
Engag'd in tented fields, and rolling floods,
Or ſlaught'ring mortals, or a match for gods.
And here, perhaps, by Fate's unerring doom,
Some mighty bard lies hid in years to come,
That ſhall in William's God-like acts engage,
And with his battles, warm a future age.
Hibernian fields ſhall here thy conqueſts ſhow
And Boyne be ſung, when it has ceas'd to flow;
Here Gallic labours ſhall advance thy fame,
And here Seneffe ſhall wear another name.
Our late poſterity, with ſecret dread,
Shall view thy battles, and with pleaſure read,
How, in the bloody field too near advanc'd,
The guiltleſs bullet on thy ſhoulder glanc'd.
The race of Naſſaus was by heaven deſign'd
To curb the proud oppreſſors of mankind,

To bind the tyrants of the earth with laws,
And fight in every injur'd nation's cauſe,
The world's great patriots; they for juſtice call,
And as they favour, kingdoms riſe or fall.
Our Britiſh youth, unus'd to rough alarms,
Careleſs of fame, and negligent of arms,
Had long forgot to meditate the foe,
And heard unwarm'd the martial trumpet blow;
But now, inſpir'd by thee, with freſh delight,
Their ſwords they brandiſh, and require the fight,
Renew their ancient conqueſts on the main,
And act their fathers triumphs o'er again;
Fir'd, when they hear how Agincourt was ſtrow'd
With Gallic corps, and Creſſi ſwam in blood,
With eager warmth they fight, ambitious all
Who firſt ſhall ſtorm the breach, or mount the wall.
In vain the thronging enemy by force,
Would clear the ramparts, and repel their courſe;
They break through all, for William leads the way,
Where fires rage moſt, and loudeſt engines play.
Namure's late terrors and deſtruction ſhow,
What William, warm'd with juſt revenge, can do:
Where once a thouſand turrets rais'd on high
Their gilded ſpires, and glitter'd in the ſky,
An undiſtinguiſh'd heap of duſt is found,
And all the pile lies ſmoaking on the ground.
His toils for no ignoble ends deſign'd,
Promote the common welfare of mankind;
No wild ambition moves, but Europe's fears,
The cries of orphans, and the widow's tears;
Oppreſs'd religion gives the firſt alarms,
And injur'd juſtice ſets him in his arms;

His conqueſts freedom to the world afford,
And nations bleſs the labours of his ſword.
Thus when the forming muſe would copy forth
A perfect pattern of heroic worth,
She ſets a man triumphant in the field,
O'er giants cloven down, and monſters kill'd,
Reeking in blood, and ſmear'd with duſt and ſweat,
Whilſt angry gods conſpire to make him great.
Thy navy rides on ſeas before unpreſt,
And ſtrikes a terror through the haughty Eaſt;
Algiers and Tunis from their ſultry ſhoar
With horror hear the Britiſh engines roar,
Fain from the neighb'ring dangers would they run,
And wiſh themſelves ſtill nearer to the ſun.
The Gallic ſhips are in their ports confin'd,
Deny'd the common uſe of ſea and wind,
Nor dare again the Britiſh ſtrength engage;
Still they remember that deſtructive rage,
Which lately made their trembling hoſt retire,
Stunn'd with the noiſe, and wrapt in ſmoke and fire;
The waves with wide unnumber'd wrecks were ſtrow'd,
And planks, and arms, and men, promiſcuous flow'd.
Spain's numerous fleet that periſh'd on our coaſt,
Could ſcarce a longer line of battle boaſt,
The winds could hardly drive them to their fate,
And all the ocean labour'd with the weight.
Where-e'er the waves in reſtleſs errors roll,
The ſea lies open now to either pole:
Now may we ſafely uſe the Northern gales,
And in the Polar Circle ſpread our ſails;
Or deep in Southern climes, ſecure from wars,
New lands explore, and ſail by other ſtars;

Fetch uncontroul'd each labour of the ſun,
And make the product of the world our own.
At length, proud prince, ambitious Lewis, ceaſe
To plague mankind, and trouble Europe's peace;
Think on the ſtructures which thy pride has rais'd,
On towns unpeopled, and on fields laid waſte;
Think on the heaps of corps, and ſtreams of blood,
On ev'ry guilty plain, and purple flood,
Thy arms have made, and ceaſe an impious war,
Nor waſte the lives entruſted to thy care.
Or, if no milder thought can calm thy mind,
Behold the great avenger of mankind,
See mighty Naſſau through the battle ride,
And ſee thy ſubjects gaſping by his ſide:
Fain would the pious prince refuſe th' alarm,
Fain would he check the fury of his arm;
But when thy cruelties his thoughts engage,
The hero kindles with becoming rage,
Then countries ſtoln, and captives unreſtor'd,
Give ſtrength to ev'ry blow, and edge his ſword.
Behold with what reſiſtleſs force he falls
On towns beſieg'd, and thunders at thy walls!
Aſk Villeroy, for Villeroy beheld
The town ſurrender'd, and the treaty ſeal'd;
With what amazing ſtrength the forts were won,
While the whole pow'r of France ſtood looking on.
But ſtop not here: Behold where Berkley ſtands
And executes his injur'd king's commands;
Around thy coaſt his burſting bombs he pours
On flaming citadels, and falling tow'rs;
With hiſſing ſtreams of fire the air they ſtreak,
And hurl deſtruction round them where they break;

The ſkies with long aſcending flames are bright,
And all the ſea reflects a quiv'ring light.
Thus Ætna, when in fierce eruptions broke,
Fills heav'n with aſhes, and the earth with ſmoke;
Here crags of broken rocks are twirl'd on high,
Here molten ſtones and ſcatter'd cinders fly:
Its fury reaches the remoteſt coaſt,
And ſtrows the Aſiatic ſhore with duſt.
Now does the ſailor from the neighbouring main
Look after Gallic towns and forts in vain;
No more his wonted marks he can deſcry,
But ſees a long unmeaſur'd ruin lie;
Whilſt, pointing to the naked coaſt, he ſhows,
His wond'ring mates where towns and ſteeples roſe,
Where crouded citizens he lately view'd,
And ſingles out the place where once St Malo's ſtood.
Here Ruſſel's actions ſhould my muſe require;
And would my ſtrength but ſecond my deſire,
I'd all his boundleſs bravery rehearſe,
And draw his cannons thund'ring in my verſe:
High on the deck ſhould the great leader ſtand,
Wrath in his looks, and light'ning in his hand,
Like Homer's Hector, when he flung his fire
Amidſt a thouſand ſhips, and made all Greece retire.
But who can run the Britiſh triumphs o'er,
And count the flames diſpers'd on ev'ry ſhore?
Who can deſcribe the ſcatter'd victory,
And draw the reader on from ſea to ſea?
Elſe who could Ormond's godlike acts refuſe,
Ormond the theme of ev'ry Oxford muſe?
Fain would I here his mighty worth proclaim,
Attend him in the noble chace of fame,

Through all the noiſe and hurry of the fight,
Obſerve each blow, and keep him ſtill in ſight.
Oh, did our Britiſh peers thus court renown,
And grace the coats their great forefathers won!
Our arms would then triumphantly advance,
Nor Henry be the laſt that conquer'd France.
What might not England hope, if ſuch abroad
Purchas'd their country's honour with their blood:
When ſuch, detain'd at home, ſupport our ſtate
In William's ſtead, and bear a kingdom's weight,
The ſchemes of Gallic policy o'erthrow,
And blaſt the counſels of the common foe;
Direct our armies, and diſtribute right,
And render our Maria's loſs more light.

But ſtop, my muſe, th' ungrateful ſound forbear,
Maria's name ſtill wounds each Britiſh ear:
Each Britiſh heart Maria ſtill does wound,
And tears burſt out unbidden at the ſound;
Maria ſtill our riſing mirth deſtroys,
Darkens our triumphs, and forbids our joys.

But ſee, at length, the Britiſh ſhips appear!
Our Naſſau comes! and as his fleet draws near,
The riſing maſts advance, the ſails grow white,
And all his pompous navy floats in ſight.
Come, mighty Prince, deſir'd of Britain, come!
May heav'n's propitious gales attend thee home!
Come, and let longing crouds behold that look,
Which ſuch confuſion and amazement ſtrook
Through Gallic hoſts: But, oh! let us deſcry
Mirth in thy brow, and pleaſure in thy eye;
Let nothing dreadful in thy face be found,
But for a while forget the trumpet's ſound;

Well-pleas'd, the people's loyalty approve,
Accept their duty, and enjoy their love.
For as when lately mov'd with fierce delight,
You plung'd amidſt the tumult of the fight,
Whole heaps of death encompaſs'd you around,
And ſteads o'erturn'd lay foaming on the ground:
So crown'd with laurels now, where'er you go,
Around you blooming joys, and peaceful bleſſings flow.

A

TRANSLATION

OF ALL

VIRGIL's FOURTH GEORGIC,

Except the Story of ARISTÆUS.

ETHERIAL ſweets ſhall next my muſe engage,
And this, Mecaenas, claims your patronage.
Of little creatures wond'rous acts I treat,
The ranks and mighty leaders of their ſtate,
Their laws, employments, and their wars relate.
A trifling theme provokes my humble lays,
Trifling the theme, not ſo the poet's praiſe,
If great Apollo and the tuneful Nine
Join in the piece, to make the work divine.
First, for your bees a proper ſtation find,
That's fenc'd about, and ſhelter'd from the wind;
For winds divert them in their flight, and drive
The ſwarms, when loaden homeward, from their hive.
Nor ſheep, nor goats, muſt paſture near their ſtores,
To trample under foot the ſpringing flowers;
Nor friſking heifers bound about the place,
To ſpurn the dew-drops off, and bruiſe the riſing graſs:
Nor muſt the lizard's painted brood appear,
Nor wood-pecks, nor the ſwallow harbour near.
They waſte the ſwarms, and as they fly along
Convey the tender morſels to their young.

Let purling ſtreams, and fountains edg'd with moſs,
And ſhallow rills run tickling through the graſs;
Let branching olives o'er the fountain grow,
Or palms ſhoot up, and ſhade the ſtreams below;
That when the youth, led by their princes, ſhun
The crouded hive, and ſport it in the ſun,
Refreſhing ſprings may tempt them from the heat,
And ſhady coverts yield a cool retreat.

Whether the neighbouring water ſtands or runs,
Lay twigs acroſs, and bridge it o'er with ſtones;
That if rough ſtorms, or ſudden blaſts of wind
Should dip or ſcatter thoſe that lag behind,
Here they may ſettle on the friendly ſtone,
And dry their reeking pinions at the ſun.
Plant all the flow'ry banks with lavender,
With ſtore of fav'ry ſcent the fragrant air,
Let running betony the field o'erſpread,
And fountains ſoak the violet's dewy bed.

Though barks or plaited willows make your hive,
A narrow inlet to their cells contrive:
For colds congeal and freeze the liquors up,
And, melted down with heat, the waxen buildings drop.
The bees, of both extremes alike afraid,
Their wax around the whiſtling cranies ſpread,
And ſuck out clamy dews from herbs and flowers,
To ſmear the chinks, and plaiſter up the pores:
For this they hoard up glew, whoſe clinging drops,
Like pitch or birdlime, hang in ſtringy ropes.
They oft, 'tis ſaid, in dark retirements dwell,
And work in ſubterraneous caves their cell;
At other times th' induſtrious inſects live
In hollow rocks, or make a tree their hive.

Point all their chinky lodgings round with mud,
And leaves muſt thinly on your work be ſtrow'd;
But let no baleful yew-tree flouriſh near,
Nor rotten marſhes ſend out ſteams of mire;
Nor burning crabs grow red, and crackle in the fire.
Nor neighb'ring caves return the dying ſound,
Nor echoing rocks the doubled voice rebound.
Things thus prepar'd——
When th' under world is ſeiz'd with cold and night,
And ſummer here deſcends in ſtreams of light,
The bees through woods and foreſts take their flight.
They rifle ev'ry flow'r, and lightly ſkim
The cryſtal brook, and ſip the running ſtream;
And thus they feed their young with ſtrange delight,
And knead the yielding wax, and work the ſlimy ſweet.
But, when on high you ſee the bees repair,
Born on the winds through diſtant tracts of air,
And view the winged cloud all blackning from afar;
While ſhady coverts, and freſh ſtreams they chuſe,
Milfoil and common honey-ſuckles bruiſe,
And ſprinkle on their hives the fragrant juice.
On brazen veſſels beat a tinkling ſound,
And ſhake the cymbals of the goddeſs round;
Then all will haſtily retreat, and fill
The warm reſounding hollow of their cell.
If once two rival kings their right debate,
And factions and cabals embroil the ſtate,
The people's actions will their thoughts declare,
All their hearts tremble, and beat thick with war;
Hoarſe broken ſounds like trumpets' harſh alarms,
Run through the hive, and call them to their arms;

All in a hurry ſpread their ſhiv'ring wings,
And fit their claws, and point their angry ſtings:
In crouds before the king's pavilion meet,
And boldly challenge out the foe to fight:
At laſt, when all the heavens are warm and fair
They ruſh together out, and join; the air
Swarms thick, and echoes with the humming war.
All in a firm round cluſter mix, and ſtrow
With heaps of little corps the earth below;
As thick as hail-ſtones from the floor rebound,
Or ſhaken acorns rattle on the ground.
No ſenſe of danger can their kings controul,
Their little bodies lodge a mighty ſoul:
Each obſtinate in arms purſues his blow,
'Till ſhameful flight ſecures the routed foe.
This hot diſpute and all this mighty fray
A little duſt flung upward will allay.

But when both kings are ſettled in their hive,
Mark him who looks the worſt, and, leſt he live
Idle at home in eaſe and luxury,
The lazy monarch muſt be doom'd to die;
So let the royal inſect rule alone,
And reign without a rival in his throne.

The kings are different; one of better note
All ſpeckt with gold, and many a ſhining ſpot,
Looks gay, and gliſtens in a gilded coat;
But love of eaſe, and ſloth in one prevails,
That ſcarce his hanging paunch behind him trails:
The people's looks are different as their king's,
Some ſparkle bright, and glitter in their wings;

Others look lothſome and diſeas'd with ſloth,
Like a faint traveller, whoſe duſty mouth
Grows dry with heat, and ſpits a maukiſh froth.
The firſt are beſt———
From their o'erflowing combs, you'll often preſs
Pure luſcious ſweets, that mingling in the glaſs
Correct the harſhneſs of the racy juice,
And a rich flavour through the wine diffuſe.
But when they ſport abroad, and rove from home,
And leave the cooling hive, and quit th' unfiniſh'd comb;
Their airy ramblings are with eaſe confin'd;
Clip their king's wings, and if they ſtay behind
No bold uſurper dares invade their right,
Nor ſound a march, nor give the ſign for flight.
Let flow'ry banks entice them to their cells,
And gardens all perfum'd with native ſmells;
Where carv'd Priapus has his fix'd abode,
The robber's terror, and the ſcare-crow god.
Wild thyme and pine-trees from their barren hill
Tranſplant, and nurſe them in the neighbouring ſoil,
Set fruit-trees round, nor e'er indulge thy ſloth,
But water them, and urge their ſhady growth.
And here, perhaps, were not I giving o'er,
And ſtriking ſail, and making to the ſhore,
I'd ſhew what art the gardner's toils require,
Why roſy Paeſtum bluſhes twice a year;
What ſtreams the verdant ſuccory ſupply,
And how the thirſty plant drinks rivers dry;
What with a chearful green does parſley grace,
And writhes the bellying cucumber along the twiſted graſs:
Nor would I paſs the ſoft acanthus o'er,
Ivy nor myrtle-trees that love the ſhore;

Nor daffadils, that late from earth's ſlow womb
Unrumple their ſwoln buds, and ſhow their yellow bloom.
For once I ſaw in the Tarentine vale,
Where ſlow Galeſus drench'd the waſhy ſoil,
An old Corician yeoman, who had got
A few neglected acres to his lot,
Where neither corn nor paſture grac'd the field,
Nor would the vine her purple harveſt yield;
But ſav'ry herbs among the thorns were found,
Vervain and poppy-flowers his garden crown'd,
And drooping lilies whiten'd all the ground.
Bleſt with theſe riches he could empires ſlight,
And when he reſted from his toils at night,
The earth unpurchas'd dainties would afford,
And his own garden furniſh out his board:
The ſpring did firſt his opening roſes blow,
Firſt ripening autumn bent his fruitful bough.
When piercing colds had burſt the brittle ſtone,
And freezing rivers ſtiffen'd as they run,
He then would prune the tender'ſt of his trees,
Chide the late ſpring, and lingring weſtern breeze:
His bees firſt ſwarm'd, and made his veſſels foam
With the rich ſqueezing of the juley comb.
Here lindons and the ſappy pine increas'd;
Here, when gay flowers his ſmiling orchard dreſs'd,
As many bloſſoms as the ſpring could ſhow,
So many dangling apples mellow'd on the bough.
In rows his elms and knotty pear-trees bloom,
And thorns ennobled now to bear a plumb,
And ſpreading plane-trees, where ſupinely laid
He now enjoys the cool, and quaffs beneath the ſhade.

But theſe for want of room I muſt omit,
And leave for future poets to recite.
Now I'll proceed their natures to declare,
Which Jove himſelf did on the bees confer;
Becauſe, invited by the timbrel's ſound,
Lodg'd in a cave, th' almighty babe they found,
And the young god nurs'd kindly under ground.
Of all the wing'd inhabitants of air,
Theſe only make their young their public care:
In well-diſpos'd ſocieties they live,
And laws and ſtatutes regulate their hive;
Nor ſtray, like others, unconfin'd abroad,
But know ſet ſtations, and a fix'd abode:
Each provident of cold in ſummer flies
Through fields and woods, to ſeek for new ſupplies,
And in the common ſtock unlades his thighs.
Some watch the food, ſome in the meadows ply,
Taſte ev'ry bud, and ſuck each bloſſom dry;
Whilſt others, lab'ring in their cells at home,
Temper Narciſſus' clammy tears with gum,
For the firſt ground-work of the golden comb;
On this they found their waxen works, and raiſe
The yellow fabric on his glewy baſe.
Some educate the young, or hatch the ſeed
With vital warmth, and future nations breed;
Whilſt others thicken all the ſlimy dews,
And into pureſt honey work the juice:
Then fill the hollows of the comb, and ſwell
With luſcious nectar ev'ry flowing cell.
By turns they watch, by turns with curious eyes
Survey the heavens, and ſearch the clouded ſkies
To find out breeding ſtorms, and tell what tempeſts riſe.

By turns they eaſe the loaden ſwarms, or drive
The drone, a lazy inſect, from their hive.
The work is warmly ply'd through all the cells,
And ſtrong with thyme the new-made honey ſmells.
So in their caves the brawny Cyclops ſweat,
When with huge ſtrokes the ſtubborn wedge they beat,
And all th' unſhapen thunder-bolt compleat;
Alternately their hammers riſe and fall;
Whilſt griping tongs turn round the glowing ball.
With puffing bellows ſome the flames increaſe,
And ſome in waters dip the hiſſing maſs;
Their beaten anvils dreadfully reſound,
And Ætna ſhakes all o'er, and thunders under ground.
Thus, if great things we may with ſmall compare,
The buſy ſwarms their different labours ſhare.
Deſire of profit urges all degrees;
The aged inſects, by experience wiſe,
Attend the comb, and faſhion ev'ry part,
And ſhape the waxen fret-work out with art:
The young at night, returning from their toils,
Bring home their thighs clogg'd with the meadows ſpoils.
On lavender, and ſaffron buds they feed,
On bending oſiers, and the balmy reed,
From purple violets and the teile they bring
Their gather'd ſweets, and rifle all the ſpring.
All work together, all together reſt,
The morning ſtill renews their labours paſt;
Then all ruſh out, their different taſks purſue,
Sit on the bloom, and ſuck the rip'ning dew;
Again when evening warns them to their home.
With weary wings, and heavy thighs they come,
And croud about the chink, and mix a drowſy hum.

Into their cells at length they gently creep,
There all the night their peaceful ſtation keep,
Wrapt up in ſilence, and diſſolv'd in ſleep.
None range abroad when winds or ſtorms are nigh,
Nor truſt their bodies to a faithleſs ſky,
But make ſmall journies, with a careful wing,
And fly to water at a neighbouring ſpring;
And, leſt their airy bodies ſhould be caſt
In reſtleſs whirls, the ſport of ev'ry blaſt,
They carry ſtones to poiſe them in their flight,
As ballaſt keeps th' unſteady veſſel right.
But of all cuſtoms that the bees can boaſt,
'Tis this may challenge admiration moſt;
That none will Hymen's ſofter joys approve,
Nor waſte their ſpirits in luxurious love,
But all a long virginity maintain,
And bring forth young without a mother's pain:
From herbs and flowers they pick each tender bee,
And cull from plants a buzzing progeny;
From theſe they chuſe out ſubjects, and create
A little monarch of the riſing ſtate;
Then build wax-kingdoms for the infant prince,
And form a palace for his reſidence.
But often in their journies as they fly,
On flints they tear their ſilken wings, or lie
Grov'ling beneath their flow'ry load, and die.
Thus love of honey can an inſect fire,
And in a fly ſuch generous thoughts inſpire.
Yet by re-peopling their decaying ſtate,
Though ſeven ſhort ſprings conclude their vital date,
Their antient ſtocks eternally remain,
And in an endleſs race the childrens children reign.

No proſtrate vaſſal of the eaſt can more
With ſlaviſh fear his haughty prince adore;
His life unites them all; but when he dies,
All in loud tumults and diſtractions riſe;
They waſte their honey, and their combs deface,
And wild confuſion reigns in every place.
Him all admire, all the great guardian own,
And croud about his courts, and buzz about his throne.
Oft on their backs their weary prince they bear,
Oft in his cauſe embattled in the air,
Purſue a glorious death, in wounds and war.
Some from ſuch inſtances as theſe have taught
"The bees extract is heavenly; for they thought
"The univerſe alive; and that a ſoul,
"Diffus'd throughout the matter of the whole,
"To all the vaſt unbounded frame was giv'n,
"And ran through earth, and air, and ſea, and all the deep of heav'n;
"That this firſt kindled life in man and beaſt,
"Life that again flows into this at laſt,
"That no compounded animal could die,
"But when diſſolv'd, the ſpirit mounted high,
"Dwelt in a ſtar, and ſettled in the ſky.
When-e'er their balmy ſweets you mean to ſeize,
And take the liquid labours of the bees,
Spurt draughts of water from your mouth, and drive
A lothſome cloud of ſmoak amidſt their hive.
Twice in the year their flowery toils begin,
And twice they fetch their dewy harveſt in;
Once when the lovely Pleiades ariſe,
And add freſh luſtre to the ſummer ſkies.

And once when haſt'ning from the wat'ry ſign
They quit their ſtation, and forbear to ſhine.
The bees are prone to rage, and often found
To periſh for revenge, and die upon the wound.
Their venom'd ſting produces aching pains,
And ſwells the fleſh, and ſhoots among the veins.
When firſt a cold hard winter's ſtorms arrive,
And threaten death or famine to their hive,
If now their ſinking ſtate and low affairs
Can move your pity, and provoke your cares,
Freſh burning thyme before their cells convey,
And cut their dry and huſky wax away;
For often lizards ſeize the luſcious ſpoils,
Or drones that riot on another's toils:
Oft broods of moths infect the hungry ſwarms,
And oft the furious waſp their hive alarms,
With louder hums, and with unequal arms;
Or elſe the ſpider at their entrance ſets
Her ſnares, and ſpins her bowels into nets.
When ſickneſs reigns (for they as well as we
Feel all th' effects of frail mortality)
By certain marks the new diſeaſe is ſeen,
Their colour changes, and their looks are thin;
Their fun'ral rites are form'd, and ev'ry bee
With grief attends the ſad ſolemnity;
The few diſeas'd ſurvivors hang before
Their ſickly cells, and droop about the door,
Or ſlowly in their hives their limbs unfold,
Shrunk up with hunger, and benumb'd with cold;
In drawling hums, the feeble inſects grieve,
And doleful buzzes echo through the hive,

Like winds that ſafely murmur through the trees,
Like flames pent up, or like retiring ſeas.
Now lay freſh honey near their empty rooms,
In troughs of hollow reeds, whilſt frying gums
Caſt round a fragrant miſt of ſpicy fumes.
Thus kindly tempt the famiſh'd ſwarm to eat,
And gently reconcile them to their meat.
Mix juice of galls, and wine, that grow in time
Condens'd by fire, and thicken to a ſlime;
To theſe dry'd roſes, thyme, and cent'ry join,
And raiſins ripen'd on the Pſythian vine.

Beſides, there grows a flow'r in marſhy ground,
Its name Amellus, eaſy to be found;
A mighty ſpring works in its root, and cleaves
The ſprouting ſtalk, and ſhews itſelf in leaves:
The flow'r itſelf is of a golden hue,
The leaves inclining to a darker blue;
The leaves ſhoot thick about the flow'r, and grow
Into a buſh, and ſhade the turf below:
The plant in holy garlands often twines
The altar's poſts, and beautifies the ſhrines;
Its taſte is ſharp, in vales new-ſhorn it grows,
Where Mella's ſtream in wat'ry mazes flows.
Take plenty of its roots, and boil them well
In wine, and heap them up before the cell.

But if the whole ſtock fail, and none ſurvive;
To raiſe new people, and recruit the hive,
I'll here the great experiment declare,
That ſpread th' Arcadian ſhepherd's name ſo far.
How bees from blood of ſlaughter'd bulls have fled,
And ſwarms amidſt the red corruption bred.

For where th' Egyptians yearly ſee their bounds
Refreſh'd with floods, and fall about their grounds,
Where Perſia borders, and the rolling Nile
Drives ſwiftly down the ſwarthy Indians ſoil,
Till into ſev'n it multiplies its ſtream,
And fattens Egypt with a fruitful ſlime:
In this laſt practice all their hope remains,
And long experience juſtifies their pains.
First, then, a cloſe contracted ſpace of ground,
With ſtraighten'd walls and low-built roof they found:
A narrow ſhelving light is next aſſign'd
To all the quarters, one to ev'ry wind;
Through theſe the glancing rays obliquely pierce:
Hither they lead a bull that's young and fierce,
When two years growth of horn he proudly ſhows,
And ſhakes the comely terrors of his brows:
His noſe and mouth, the avenues of breath,
They muzzle up, and beat his limbs to death.
With violence to life and ſtifling pain
He flings and ſpurns, and tries to ſnort in vain,
Loud heavy mows fall thick on ev'ry ſide,
Till his bruis'd bowels burſt within the hide.
When dead they leave him rotting on the ground,
With branches, thyme, and caſſia, ſtrow'd around.
All this is done when firſt the weſtern breeze
Becalms the year, and ſmooths the troubled ſeas;
Before the chatt'ring ſwallow builds her neſt,
Or fields in ſpring's embroidery are dreſt.
Meanwhile the tainted juice ferments within,
And quickens as it works: And now are ſeen
A wond'rous ſwarm, that o'er the carcaſe crawls,
Of ſhapeleſs, rude, unfiniſh'd animals.

No legs at firſt the inſect's weight ſuſtain,
At length it moves its new-made limbs with pain;
Now ſtrikes the air with quiv'ring wings, and tries
To lift its body up, and learns to riſe;
Now bending thighs and gilded wings it wears
Full grown, and all the bee at length appears;
From ev'ry ſide the fruitful carcaſe pours
Its ſwarming brood, as thick as ſummer-ſhowers,
Or flights of arrows from the Parthian bows,
When twanging ſtrings firſt ſhoot them on the foes.
Thus have I ſung the nature of the bee;
While Caeſar, tow'ring to divinity,
The frighted Indians with his thunder aw'd,
And claim'd their homage, and commenc'd a god;
I flouriſh'd all the while in arts of peace,
Retir'd and ſhelter'd in inglorious eaſe;
I who before the ſongs of ſhepherds made,
When gay and young my rural lays I play'd,
And ſet my Tityrus beneath his ſhade.

A

SONG.

For St Cecilia's Day at Oxford.

I.

CECILIA, whoſe exalted hymns
With joy and wonder fill the bleſt,
In choirs of warbling ſeraphims
Known and diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
Attend, harmonious ſaint, and ſee
Thy vocal ſons of harmony;
Attend, harmonious ſaint, and hear our pray'rs;
Enliven all our earthly airs,
And, as thou ſing'ſt thy God, teach us to ſing of thee:
Tune ev'ry ſtring and ev'ry tongue,
Be thou the muſe and ſubject of our ſong.

II.

Let all Cecilia's praiſe-proclaim,
Employ the echo in her name.
Hark! how the flutes and trumpets raiſe,
At bright Cecilia's name, their lays;
The organ labours in her praiſe.
Cecilia's name does all our numbers grace,
From ev'ry voice the tuneful accents fly,
In ſoaring trebles now it riſes high,
And now it ſinks, and dwells upon the baſe.

Cecilia's name through all the notes we ſing,
The work of ev'ry ſkilful tongue,
The ſound of ev'ry trembling ſtring,
The ſound and triumph of our ſong.

III.

For ever conſecrate the day
To muſic and Cecilia;
Muſic, the greateſt good that mortals know,
And all of heav'n we have below.
Muſic can noble hints impart,
Engender fury, kindle love;
With unſuſpected eloquence can move,
And manage all the man with ſecret art.
When Orpheus ſtrikes the trembling lyre,
The ſtreams ſtand ſtill, the ſtones admire;
The liſt'ning ſavages advance,
The wolf and lamb around him trip,
The bears in aukward meaſures leap,
And tygers mingle in the dance.
The moving woods attended as he play'd,
And Rhodophe was left without a ſhade.

IV.

Muſic religious heat inſpires,
It wakes the ſoul, and lifts it high,
And wings it with ſublime deſires,
And fits it to beſpeak the Deity.
Th' Almighty liſtens to a tuneful tongue,
And ſeems well-pleas'd and courted with a ſong.
Soft moving ſounds and heav'nly airs
Give force to ev'ry word, and recommend our pray'rs.

When time itſelf ſhall be no more,
And all things in confuſion hurl'd,
Muſic ſhall then exert its power,
And ſound ſurvive the ruins of the world:
Then ſaints and angels ſhall agree
In one eternal jubilee:
All heav'n ſhall echo with their hymns divine,
And God himſelf with pleaſure ſee
The whole creation in a chorus join.

CHORUS.

Conſecrate the place and day
To muſic and Cecilia.
Let no rough winds approach, nor dare
Invade the hallow'd bounds,
Nor rudely ſhake the tuneful air,
Nor ſpoil the fleeting ſounds.
Nor mournful ſigh nor groan be heard,
But gladneſs dwell on ev'ry tongue;
Whilſt all, with voice and ſtrings prepar'd,
Keep up the loud harmonious ſong,
And imitate the bleſt above,
In joy, and harmony, and love.

AN
ACCOUNT
OF THE GREATEST
ENGLISH POETS.

To Mr Henry Sacheverell, April 3. 1694.

SINCE, dearest Harry, you will needs request
A short account of all the muse possest,
That down from Chaucer's days to Dryden's times,
Have spent their noble rage in British rhymes;
Without more preface, writ in formal length,
To speak the undertaker's want of strength,
I'll try to make their several beauties known,
And show their verses worth, though not my own.

Long had our dull forefathers slept supine,
Nor felt the raptures of the tuneful nine;
'Till Chaucer first, a merry bard, arose,
And many a story told in rhyme, and prose.
But age has rusted what the poet writ,
Worn out his language, and obscur'd his wit:
In vain he jests in his unpolish'd strain,
And tries to make his readers laugh in vain.
Old Spencer next, warm'd with poetic rage;
In antient tales amus'd a barb'rous age;
An age that yet uncultivate and rude,
Where-e'er the poet's fancy led, pursu'd

Through pathleſs fields, and unfrequented floods,
To dens of dragons, and enchanted woods.
But now thy myſtic tale, that pleas'd of yore,
Can charm an underſtanding age no more;
The long-ſpun allegories fulſome grow,
While the dull moral lies too plain below.
We view well pleas'd at diſtance all the ſights
Of arms and palfries, battles, fields and fights,
And damſels in diſtreſs, and courteous knights.
But when we look too near, the ſhades decay,
And all the pleaſing landſcape fades away.
Great Cowley then (a mighty genius) wrote,
O'er-run with wit, and laviſh of his thought:
His turns too cloſely on the reader preſs:
He more had pleas'd us, had he pleas'd us leſs.
One glitt'ring thought no ſooner ſtrikes our eyes
With ſilent wonder, but new wonders riſe.
As in the milky-way a ſhining white
O'er-flows the heavens with one continu'd light;
That not a ſingle ſtar can ſhew his rays,
Whilſt jointly all promote the common blaze.
Pardon, great poet, that I dare to name
Th' unnumber'd beauties of thy verſe with blame:
Thy fault is only wit in its exceſs:
But wit like thine in any ſhape will pleaſe.
What muſe but thine can equal hints inſpire,
And fit the deep-mouth'd Pindar to thy lyre?
Pindar, whom others in a labour'd ſtrain,
And forc'd expreſſion, imitate in vain!
Well pleas'd in thee he ſoars with new delight,
And plays in more unbounded verſe, and takes a nobler flight.

Bleſt man! whoſe ſpotleſs life and charming lays
Employ'd the tuneful prelate in thy praiſe:
Bleſt man! who now ſhalt be for ever known,
In Sprat's ſucceſsful labours and thy own.
But Milton next, with high and haughty ſtalks,
Unfetter'd in majeſtic numbers walks;
No vulgar heroe can his muſe engage;
Nor earth's wide ſcene confine his hallow'd rage,
See! ſee! he upward ſprings, and tow'ring high
Spurns the dull province of mortality,
Shakes heaven's eternal throne with dire alarms,
And ſets th' almighty Thunderer in arms.
What-e'er his pen deſcribes I more than ſee,
Whilſt ev'ry verſe, array'd in Majeſty,
Bold, and ſublime, my whole attention draws,
And ſeems above the critic's nicer laws.
How are you ſtruck with terror and delight,
When angel with arch-angel copes in fight!
When great Meſſiah's out-ſpread banner ſhines,
How does the chariot rattle in his lines!
What ſounds of brazen wheels, what thunder, ſcare,
And ſtun the reader with the din of war!
With fear my ſpirits and my blood retire,
To ſee the ſeraphs ſunk in clouds of fire;
But when with eager ſteps, from hence I riſe,
And view thy firſt gay ſcenes of Paradiſe;
What tongue, what words of rapture can expreſs
A viſion ſo profuſe of pleaſantneſs.
Oh had the poet ne'er profan'd his pen,
To varniſh o'er the guilt of faithleſs men!
His other works might have deſerv'd applauſe.
But now the language can't ſupport the cauſe;

While the clean current, though ſerene and bright,
Betrays a bottom odious to the ſight.
But now, my muſe, a ſofter ſtrain rehearſe,
Turn ev'ry line with art, and ſmoothe thy verſe;
The courtly Waller next commands thy lays:
Muſe, tune thy verſe, with art, to Waller's praiſe.
While tender airs and lovely dames inſpire
Soft melting thoughts, and propagate deſire;
So long ſhall Waller's ſtrains our paſſion move,
And Sacharilſa's beauties kindle love.
Thy verſe, harmonious bard, and flatt'ring ſong,
Can make the vanquiſh'd great, the coward ſtrong.
Thy verſe can ſhow ev'n Cromwell's innocence,
And compliment the ſtorms that bore him hence.
Oh had thy muſe not come an age too ſoon,
But ſeen great Naſſau on the Britiſh throne!
How had his triumphs glitter'd in thy page,
And warm'd thee to a more exalted rage!
What ſcenes of death and horror had we view'd,
And how had Boin's wide current reek'd in blood!
Or if Maria's charms thou would'ſt rehearſe,
In ſmoother numbers and a ſofter verſe;
Thy pen had well deſcrib'd her graceful air,
And Gloriana would have ſeem'd more fair.
Nor muſt Roſcommon paſs neglected by,
That makes ev'n rules a noble poetry:
Rules whoſe deep ſenſe and heavenly numbers ſhow
The beſt of critics, and of poets too.
Nor, Denham, muſt we e'er forget thy ſtrains,
While Cooper's Hill commands the neighb'ring plains.
But ſee where artful Dryden next appears
Grown old in rhime, but charming ev'n in years.

Great Dryden next, whose tuneful muse affords
The sweetest numbers, and the fittest words.
Whether in comic sounds or tragic airs
She forms her voice, she moves our smiles or tears.
If satire or heroic strains she writes,
Her heroe pleases, and her satire bites.
From her no harsh unartful numbers fall,
She wears all dresses, and she charms in all.
How might we fear our English poetry,
That long has flourish'd, should decay with thee;
Did not the muses other hope appear,
Harmonious Congreve, and forbid our fear:
Congreve! whose fancy's unexhausted store
Has given already much, and promis'd more.
Congreve shall still preserve thy fame alive,
And Dryden's muse shall in his friend survive.

I'm tir'd with rhiming, and would fain give o'er,
But justice still demands one labour more:
The noble Montague remains unnam'd,
For wit, for humour, and for judgment fam'd;
To Dorset he directs his artful muse,
In numbers such as Dorset's self might use.
How negligently graceful he unreins
His verse, and writes in loose familiar strains;
How Nassau's god-like acts adorn his lines,
And all the hero in full glory shines!
We see his army set in just array,
And Boin's dy'd waves run purple to the sea,
Nor Simois choak'd with men, and arms, and blood;
Nor rapid Xanthus' celebrated flood,
Shall longer be the poet's highest themes, [streams.
Though Gods and heroes fought promiscuous in their

But now to Naſſau's ſecret councils rais'd,
He aids the heroe, whom before he prais'd.

I've done at length; and now, dear Friend, receive
The laſt poor preſent that my muſe can give.
I leave the arts of poetry and verſe
To them that practiſe them with more ſucceſs.
Of greater truths I'll now prepare to tell,
And ſo at once, dear friend, and muſe, farewel.

A LETTER FROM ITALY.

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.

In the year 1701.

Salve magne parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
Magna virum! tibi res antiquae laudis et artis
Aggredior, ſanctos auſus recludere fontes.

VIRG. Georg. 2.

WHile you, my Lord, the rural ſhades admire,
And from Britannia's public poſts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful ſons to pleaſe,
For her advantage ſacrifice your eaſe;
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the ſoft ſeaſon and inviting clime
Conſpire to trouble your repoſe with rhime:
For whereſoe'er I turn my raviſh'd eyes,
Gay gilded ſcenes and ſhining proſpects riſe,

Poetic fields encompaſs me around,
And ſtill I ſeem to tread on claſſic ground;
For here the muſe ſo oft her harp has ſtrung,
That not a mountain rears its head unſung,
Renown'd in verſe each ſhady thicket grows,
And ev'ry ſtream in heavenly numbers flows.
How am I pleas'd to ſearch the hills and woods
For riſing ſprings and celebrated floods!
To view the Nar, tumultuous in his courſe,
And trace the ſmooth Clitumnus to his ſource;
To ſee the Mincio draw his wat'ry ſtore
Through the long windings of a fruitful ſhore,
And hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of ſmoaking ſulphur glide.
Fir'd with a thouſand raptures I ſurvey
Eridanus through flowery meadows ſtray,
The king of floods! that rolling o'er the plains
The towering Alps of half their moiſture drains,
And proudly ſwoln with a whole winter's ſnows,
Diſtributes wealth and plenty where he flows.
Sometimes, miſguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for ſtreams immortaliz'd in ſong.
That loſt in ſilence and oblivion lie,
(Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry)
Yet run for-ever by the muſe's ſkill,
And in the ſmooth deſcription murmur ſtill.
Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
And the fam'd river's empty ſhores admire,
That deſtitute of ſtrength derives it courſe
From thrifty urns and an unfruitful ſource;
Yet ſung ſo often in poetic lays,
With ſcorn the Danube and the Nile ſurveys;

So high the deathleſs muſe exalts her theme!
Such was the Boyn, a poor inglorious ſtream,
That in Hibernian vales obſcurely ſtray'd,
And unobſerv'd in wild Meanders play'd;
'Till by your lines and Naſſau's ſword renown'd,
Its riſing billows through the world reſound,
Where-e'er the heroe's god-like acts can pierce,
Or where the fame of an immortal verſe.
Oh could the muſe my raviſh'd breaſt inſpire
With warmth like yours, and raiſe an equal fire,
Unnumber'd beauties in my verſe ſhould ſhine,
And Virgil's Italy ſhould yield to mine!
See how the golden groves around me ſmile,
That ſhun the coaſt of Britain's ſtormy iſle,
Or when tranſplanted and preſerv'd with care,
Curſe the cold clime, and ſtarve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments
To nobler taſtes, and more exalted ſcents:
Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds ſend out a rich perfume.
Bear me, ſome god, to Baia's gentle ſeats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;
Where Weſtern gales eternally reſide,
And all the ſeaſons laviſh all their pride;
Bloſſoms, and fruits, and flowers together riſe,
And the whole year in gay confuſion lies.
Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my ſoul a thouſand paſſions ſtrive,
When Rome's exalted beauties I deſcry
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
An amphitheater's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,

That on its public ſhows unpeopled Rome,
And held uncrouded nations in its womb:
Here pillars rough with ſculpture pierce the ſkies:
And here the proud triumphal arches riſe,
Where the old Romans deathleſs acts diſplay'd,
Their baſe degen'rate progeny upbraid:
Whole rivers here forſake the fields below,
And wond'ring at their height thro' airy channels flow.
Still to new ſcenes my wand'ring muſe retires,
And the dumb ſhow of breathing rocks admires;
Where the ſmooth chiſſel all its force has ſhown,
And ſoften'd into fleſh the rugged ſtone.
In ſolemn ſilence, a majeſtic band,
Heroes, and gods, and Roman conſuls ſtand,
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors in Parian marble frown;
While the bright dames, to whom they humbly ſu'd,
Still ſhow the charms that their proud hearts ſubdu'd.
Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearſe,
And ſhow th' immortal labours in my verſe,
Where from the mingled ſtrength of ſhade and light,
A new creation riſes to my ſight,
Such heav'nly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow.
From theme to theme with ſecret pleaſure toſt,
Amidſt the ſoft variety I'm loſt:
Here pleaſing airs my raviſh'd ſoul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of ſound;
Here domes and temples riſe at diſtant views,
And opening palaces invite my muſe.
How has kind heav'n adorn'd the happy land,
And ſcatter'd bleſſings with a waſteful hand!

But what avail her unexhauſted ſtores,
Her blooming mountains, and her funny ſhores,
With all the gifts that heav'n and earth impart,
The ſmiles of nature, and the charms of art,
While proud oppreſſion in her vallies reigns,
And tyranny uſurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The red'ning orange, and the ſwelling grain:
Joyleſs he ſees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant ſhade repines:
Starves, in the midſt of nature's bounty curſt,
And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirſt.

O Liberty! thou goddeſs heav'nly bright,
Profuſe of bleſs, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleaſures in thy preſence reign,
And ſmiling Plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eas'd of her load, Subjection grows more light,
And Poverty looks chearful in thy ſight;
Thou mak'ſt the gloomy face of nature gay,
Giv'ſt beauty to the ſun, and pleaſure to the day.

Thee, goddeſs, thee, Britannia's iſle adores;
How has ſhe oft exhauſted all her ſtores,
How oft in fields of death thy preſence ſought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
On foreign mountains may the ſun refine
The grape's ſoft juice, and mellow it to wine,
With citron groves adorn a diſtant ſoil,
And the fat olive ſwell with floods of oil:
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent ſkies,
Nor at the coarſeneſs of our heav'n repine,
Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads ſhine:

'Tis liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains
smile
Others with tow'ring piles may please the sight,
And in their proud aspiring domes delight;
A nicer touch to the stretch'd canvas give,
Or teach their animated rocks to live:
'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,
And hold in balance each contending state,
To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
And answer her afflicted neighbour's pray'r.
The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms:
Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors cease,
And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.
Th' ambitious Gaul beholds with secret dread
Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
And fain her godlike sons would disunite
By foreign gold, or by domestic spite?
But strives in vain to conquer or divide
Whom Nassau's arms defend, and counsels guide.
Fir'd with the name, which I so oft have found
The distant climes and diff'rent tongues resound,
I bridle in my struggling muse with pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder strain.
But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous song.
My humble verse demands a softer theme,
A painted meadow, or a purling stream;
Unfit for heroes; whom immortal lays,
And lines like Virgil's, or like your's, should praise.

MILTON's STILE IMITATED,

IN A

TRANSLATION OF A STORY

OUT OF THE

THIRD ÆNEID.

LOST in the gloomy horror of the night
We ſtruck upon the coaſt where Ætna lies,
Horrid and waſte, its entrails fraught with fire,
That now caſts out dark fumes and pitchy clouds,
Vaſt ſhow'rs of aſhes hov'ring in the ſmoke;
Now belches molten ſtones and ruddy flame
Incens'd, or tears up mountains by the roots,
Or flings a broken rock aloft in air.
The bottom works with ſmother'd fire involv'd
In peſtilential vapours, ſtench, and ſmoke.
'Tis ſaid, that thunder-ſtruck Enceladus,
Grov'ling beneath th' incumbent mountain's weight,
Lies ſtretch'd ſupine, eternal prey of flames;
And when he heaves againſt the burning load,
Reluctant, to invert his broiling limbs,
A ſudden earthquake ſhoots through all the iſle,
And Ætna thunders dreadful under ground,

Then pours out ſmoke in wreathing curls convolv'd,
And ſhades the ſun's bright orb, and blots out day.
Here in the ſhelter of the woods we lodg'd,
And frighted heard ſtrange ſounds and diſmal yells,
Nor ſaw from whence they came; for all the night
A murky ſtorm deep louring o'er our heads
Hung imminent, that with impervious gloom
Oppos'd itſelf to Cynthia's ſilver ray,
And ſhaded all beneath. But now the ſun
With orient beams had chas'd the dewy night
From earth and heav'n; all nature ſtood diſclos'd;
When looking on the neighbouring woods we ſaw
The ghaſtly viſage of a man unknown,
An uncouth feature, meagre, pale, and wild;
Affliction's foul and terrible diſmay
Sat in his looks, his face impair'd and worn
With marks of famine, ſpeaking ſore diſtreſs;
His locks were tangled, and his ſhaggy beard
Matted with filth; in all things elſe a Greek.
He firſt advanc'd in haſte; but when he ſaw
Trojans and Trojan arms in mid career
Stopt ſhort, he back recoil'd as one ſurpriz'd:
But ſoon recovering ſpeed, he ran, he flew
Precipitant, and thus with piteous cries
Our ears aſſail'd: "By heav'n's eternal fires,
"By ev'ry god that ſits enthron'd on high,
"By this good light, relieve a wretch forlorn,
"And bear me hence to any diſtant ſhore,
"So I may ſhun this ſavage race accurs'd.
"'Tis true, I fought among the Greeks, that late
"With ſword and fire o'erturn'd Neptunian Troy,
"And laid the labour of the gods in duſt;

"For which, if ſo the ſad offence deſerves,
"Plung'd in the deep, for ever let me lie
"Whelm'd under ſeas; if death muſt be my doom,
"Let man inflict it, and I die well pleas'd."
He ended here, and now profuſe of tears
In ſuppliant mood fell proſtrate at our feet:
We bad him ſpeak from whence, and what he was,
And how by ſtreſs of fortune ſunk thus low;
Anchiſes too with friendly aſpect mild
Gave him his hand, ſure pledge of amity;
When, thus encourag'd, he began his tale.
I'm one, ſays he, of poor deſcent, my name
Is Achaemenides, my country Greece,
Ulyſſes' ſad compeer, who whilſt he fled
The raging Cyclops, left me here behind
Diſconſolate, forlorn; within the cave
He left me, giant Polyphem's dark cave;
A dungeon wide and horrible, the walls
On all ſides furr'd with mouldy damps, and hung
With clots of roppy gore, and human limbs,
His dire repaſt: Himſelf of mighty ſize,
Hoarſe in his voice, and in his viſage grim,
Intractable, that riots on the fleſh
Of mortal men, and ſwills the vital blood.
Him did I ſee ſnatch up with horrid graſp
Two ſprawling Greeks, in either hand a man;
I ſaw him when with huge tempeſtuous ſway
He daſht and broke them on the grundſil edge;
The pavement ſwam in blood, the walls around
Were ſpatter'd o'er with brains. He lapt the blood,
And chew'd the tender fleſh ſtill warm with life,
That ſwell'd and heav'd itſelf amidſt his teeth,

As ſenſible of pain. Nor leſs mean while
Our chief incens'd, and ſtudious of revenge,
Plots his deſtruction, which he thus effects.
The giant, gor'd with fleſh, and wine, and blood,
Lay ſtretch'd at length and ſnoring in his den,
Belching raw gobbets from his maw, o'er-charged
With purple wine and cruddled gore confuſed.
We gather'd round, and to his ſingle eye,
The ſingle eye that in his forehead glar'd
Like a full moon, or a broad burniſh'd ſhield,
A forky ſtaff we dext'rouſly apply'd,
Which in the ſpacious ſocket turning round,
Scoopt out the big round gelly from its orb.
But let me not thus interpoſe delays;
Fly, mortals, fly this curſt deteſted race:
A hundred of the ſame ſtupendous ſize,
A hundred Cyclops live among the hills,
Gigantic brotherhood, that ſtalk along
With horrid ſtrides o'er the high mountains tops,
Enormous in their gait; I oft have heard
Their voice and tread, oft ſeen them as they paſt,
Sculking and ſcouring down, half dead with fear.
Thrice has the moon waſh'd all her orb in light,
Thrice travel'd o'er, in her obſcure ſõjourn,
The realms of night inglorious, ſince I've liv'd
Amidſt theſe woods, gleaning from thorns and ſhrubs
A wretched ſuſtenance. As thus he ſpoke,
We ſaw deſcending from a neighb'ring hill
Blind Polypheme; by weary ſteps and ſlow
The gropping giant with a trunk of pine
Explor'd his way; around, his woolly flocks
Attended grazing; to the well-known ſhore

He bent his courſe, and on the margin ſtood,
A hideous monſter, terrible, deform'd;
Full in the midſt of his high front there gap'd
The ſpacious hollow where his eye-ball roll'd,
A ghaſtly orifice; he rins'd the wound,
And waſh'd away the ſtrings and clotted blood
That cak'd within; then ſtalking through the deep
He fords the ocean, while the topmoſt wave
Scarce reaches up his middle ſide; we ſtood
Amaz'd be ſure, a ſudden horror chill
Ran through each nerve, and thrill'd in ev'ry vein,
'Till uſing all the force of winds and oars
We ſped away; he heard us in our courſe,
And with his out-ſtretch'd arms around him grop'd;
But finding nought within his reach, he rais'd
Such hideous ſhouts that all the ocean ſhook.
Ev'n Italy, though many a league remote,
In diſtant echoes anſwer'd; Ætna roar'd,
Through all its inmoſt winding caverns roar'd.
Rous'd with the ſound, the mighty family
Of one-ey'd brothers haſten to the ſhore,
And gather round the bellowing Polypheme,
A dire aſſembly! we with eager haſte
Work ev'ry one, and from afar behold
A hoſt of giants covering all the ſhore.
So ſtands a foreſt tall of mountain oaks
Advanc'd to mighty growth: The traveller
Hears from the humble valley where he rides
The hollow murmours of the winds that blow
Amidſt the boughs, and at a diſtance ſees
The ſhady tops of trees unnumber'd riſe,
A ſtately proſpect, waving in the clouds.

THE CAMPAIGN, A POEM.

TO HIS GRACE, THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

——— Rheni pacatur et Iſtri.
Omnis in hoc Uno variis diſcordia ceſſit
Ordinibus; laetatur Eques, plauditque Senator,
Votaque Patricio certant Plebeia favori.

Claud. de Laud. Stilic.

Eſſe aliquam in terris gentem quae ſua impenſa, ſuo labore ac periculo, bella gerat pro libertate aliorum. Nec hoc finitimis, aut propinquae vicinitatis hominibus, aut terris continenti junctis praeſtet. Maria trajiciat; ne quod toto orbe terrarum injuſtum imperium ſit, et ubique jus, fas, lex, potentiſſima ſint.

Liv. Hiſt. lib. 33.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

CAMPAIGN,

A

POEM.

WHILE crouds of princes your deſerts proclaim,
Proud in their number to enroll your name;
While emperors to you commit their cauſe,
And Anna's praiſes crown the vaſt applauſe:
Accept, great Leader! what the muſe recites,
That in ambitious verſe attempts your fights,
Fir'd and tranſported with a theme ſo new.
Ten thouſand wonders op'ning to my view,
Shine forth at once; ſieges and ſtorms appear,
And wars and conqueſts fill th' important year,
Rivers of blood I ſee, and hills of ſlain,
An Iliad riſing out of one campaign.

The haughty Gaul beheld, with towering pride,
His antient bounds enlarg'd on every ſide,
Pirene's lofty barriers were ſubdued,
And in the midſt of his wide empire ſtood;
Auſonia's ſtates, the victor to reſtrain,
Oppoſed their Alpes and Appenines in vain,

Nor found themſelves, with ſtrength of rocks immur'd
Behind their everlaſting hills ſecur'd;
The riſing Danube its long race began,
And half its courſe through the new conqueſts ran;
Amaz'd and anxious for her ſovereign's fates,
Germania trembled through a hundred ſtates;
Great Leopold himſelf was ſeiz'd with fear;
He gaz'd around, but ſaw no ſuccour near;
He gaz'd, and half abandon'd to deſpair
His hopes on heaven, and confidence in prayer.
To Britain's queen the nations turn their eyes,
On her reſolves the weſtern world relies,
Confiding ſtill, amidſt its dire alarms,
In Anna's councils, and in Churchill's arms.
Thrice happy Britain, from the kingdoms rent,
To ſit the guardian of the continent!
That ſees her braveſt ſon advanc'd ſo high,
And flouriſhing ſo near her prince's eye;
Thy fav'rites grow not up by fortune's ſport,
Or from the crimes, or follies of a court;
On the firm baſis of deſert they riſe,
From long-tried faith, and friendſhip's holy ties:
Their ſovereign's well-diſtinguiſh'd ſmiles they ſhare,
Her ornaments in peace, her ſtrength in war;
The nation thanks them with a public voice,
By ſhowers of bleſſings heaven approves their choice;
Envy itſelf is dumb, in wonder loſt,
And factions ſtrive who ſhall applaud them moſt.
Soon as ſoft vernal breezes warm the ſky,
Britannia's colours in the zephyrs fly;
Her chief already has his march begun,
Croſſing the provinces himſelf had won,

Till the Moſelle, appearing from afar,
Retards the progreſs of the moving war.
Delightful ſtream, had nature bid her fall
In diſtant climes, far from the perjur'd Gaul;
But now a purchaſe to the ſword ſhe lies,
Her harveſts for uncertain owners riſe,
Each vineyard doubtful of its maſter grows,
And to the victor's bowl each vintage flows.
The diſcontented ſhades of ſlaughter'd hoſts,
That wander'd on her banks, her heroes ghoſts,
Hop'd, when they ſaw Britannia's arms appear,
The vengeance due to their great deaths was near.
Our god-like leader, ere the ſtream he paſt,
The mighty ſcheme of all his labours caſt,
Forming the wond'rous year within his thought;
His boſom glow'd with battles yet unfought.
The long laborious march he firſt ſurveys,
And joins the diſtant Danube to the Maeſe,
Between whoſe floods, ſuch pathleſs foreſts grow,
Such mountains riſe, ſo many rivers flow:
The toil looks lovely in the hero's eyes,
And danger ſerves but to enhance the prize.
Big with the fate of Europe, he renews
His dreadful courſe, and the proud foe purſues;
Infected by the burning ſcorpion's heat,
The ſultry gales round his chaf'd temples beat,
'Till on the borders of the Maine he finds
Defenſive ſhadows, and refreſhing winds.
Our Britiſh youth, with in-born freedom bold,
Unnumber'd ſcenes of ſervitude behold,
Nations of ſlaves, with tyranny debas'd,
(Their maker's image more than half defac'd)

Hourly inſtructed, as they urge their toil,
To prize their queen, and love their native ſoil.
Still to the riſing ſun they take their way
Through clouds of duſt, and gain upon the day.
When now the Necar on its friendly coaſt
With cooling ſtreams revives the fainting hoſt,
That chearfully its labours paſt forgets,
The midnight watches, and the noon-day heats.
O'er proſtrate towns and palaces they paſs,
(Now cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in graſs)
Breathing revenge; whilſt anger and diſdain
Fire every breaſt, and boil in every vein:
Here ſhatter'd walls, like broken rocks, from far
Riſe up in hideous views, the guilt of war,
Whilſt here the vine o'er hills of ruin climbs,
Induſtrious to conceal great Bourbon's crimes.
At length the fame of England's hero drew
Eugenio to the glorious interview.
Great ſouls by inſtinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendſhip burn;
A ſudden friendſhip, while with ſtretch'd-out rays
They meet each other, mingling blaze with blaze.
Poliſh'd in courts, and harden'd in the field,
Renown'd for conqueſt, and in council ſkill'd,
Their courage dwells not in a troubled flood
Of mounting ſpirits, and fermenting blood,
Lodg'd in the ſoul, with virtue over-rul'd,
Inflam'd by reaſon, and by reaſon cool'd,
In hours of peace content to be unknown,
And only in the field of battle ſhown:
To ſouls like theſe, in mutual friendſhip join'd,
Heaven dares entruſt the cauſe of human-kind.

Britannia's graceful ſons appear in arms,
Her harras'd troops the hero's preſence warms,
Whilſt the high hills and rivers all around
With thund'ring peals of Britiſh ſhouts reſound:
Doubling their ſpeed they march with freſh delight,
Eager for glory, and require the fight.
So the ſtench hound the trembling deer purſues,
And ſmells his footſteps in the tainted dews,
The tedious track unrav'ling by degrees:
But when the ſcent comes warm in every breeze,
Fir'd at the near approach, he ſhoots away
On his full ſtretch, and bears upon his prey.
The march concludes, the various realms are paſt,
Th' immortal Shellenberg appears at laſt:
Like hills th' aſpiring ramparts riſe on high,
Like valleys at their feet the trenches lie;
Batt'ries on batt'ries guard each fatal paſs,
Threat'ning deſtruction; rows of hollow braſs,
Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,
Whilſt in their wombs ten thouſand thunders ſleep:
Great Churchill owns, charm'd with the glorious ſight,
His march o'er-paid by ſuch a promis'd fight.
The weſtern ſun now ſhot a feeble ray,
And faintly ſcatter'd the remains of day;
Ev'ning approach'd; but, oh what hoſts of foes
Were never to behold that ev'ning cloſe!
Thick'ning their ranks, and wedg'd in firm array,
The cloſe compacted Britons win their way;
In vain the cannon their throng'd war defac'd
With tracts of death, and laid the battle waſte;
Still preſſing forward to the fight they broke,
Through flames of ſulphur, and a night of ſmoke,

'Till ſlaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,
And bore their fierce avengers to the foe.
High on the works the mingling hoſts engage;
The battle kindled into tenfold rage
With ſhowers of bullets, and with ſtorms of fire,
Burns in full fury; heaps on heaps expire,
Nations with nations mix'd confus'dly die,
And loſt in one promiſcuous carnage lie.
How many gen'rous Britons meet their doom,
New to the field, and heroes in the bloom!
Th' illuſtrious youths, that left their native ſhore
To march where Britons never march'd before,
(O fatal love of fame! O glorious heat!
Only deſtructive to the brave and great!)
After ſuch toils o'ercome, ſuch dangers paſt,
Stretch'd on Bavarian ramparts breathe their laſt.
But hold, my muſe, may no complaints appear,
Nor blot the day with an ungrateful tear:
While Marlbro' lives, Britannia's ſtars diſpenſe
A friendly light, and ſhine in innocence.
Plunging through ſeas of blood his fiery ſteed
Where-e'er his friends retire, or foes ſucceed;
Thoſe he ſupports, theſe drives to ſudden flight,
And turns the various fortune of the fight.
Forbear, great man, renown'd in arms, forbear
To brave the thickeſt terrors of the war,
Nor hazard thus, confus'd in crouds of foes,
Britannia's ſafety, and the world's repoſe;
Let nations anxious for thy life abate
The ſcorn of danger, and contempt of fate:
Thou liv'ſt not for thyſelf; thy queen demands
Conqueſt and peace from thy victorious hands;

Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,
And Europe's deſtiny depends on thine.
At length the long diſputed paſs they gain,
By crouded armies fortify'd in vain:
The war breaks in, the fierce Bavarians yield,
And ſee their camp with Britiſh legions fill'd.
So Belgian mounds bear on their ſhatter'd ſides
The ſea's whole weight increas'd with ſwelling tides;
But if the ruſhing wave a paſſage finds,
Enrag'd by wat'ry moons, and warring winds,
The trembling peaſant ſees his country round
Cover'd with tempeſts, and in oceans drown'd.
The few ſurviving foes diſpers'd in flight,
(Refuſe of ſwords, and gleanings of a fight)
In every ruſsling wind the victor hear,
And Marlbro's form in every ſhadow fear,
'Till the dark cope of night with kind embrace
Befriends the rout, and covers their diſgrace.
To Donawert, with unreſiſted force,
The gay victorious army bends its courſe.
The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
Whatever ſpoils Bavaria's ſummer yields
(The Danube's great increaſe) Britannia ſhares,
The food of armies, and ſupport of wars:
With magazines of death, deſtructive balls,
And cannons doom'd to batter Landau's walls,
The victor finds each hidden cavern ſtor'd,
And turns their fury on their guilty lord.
Deluded prince! how is thy greatneſs croſt,
And all the gaudy dream of empire loſt,
That proudly ſet thee on a fancy'd throne,
And made imaginary realms thy own!

Thy troops, that now behind the Danube join,
Shall ſhortly ſeek for ſhelter from the Rhine,
Nor find it there: Surrounded with alarms,
Thou hop'ſt th' aſſiſtance of the Gallic arms;
The Gallic arms in ſafety ſhall advance,
And croud thy ſtandards with the power of France,
While to exalt thy doom, th' aſpiring Gaul
Shares thy deſtruction, and adorns thy fall.
Unbounded courage and compaſſion join'd,
Temp'ring each other in the victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the hero and the man complete.
Long did he ſtrive th' obdurate foe to gain
By proffer'd grace, but long he ſtrove in vain;
'Till fir'd at length he thinks it vain to ſpare
His riſing wrath, and gives a looſe to war.
In vengeance rous'd the ſoldier fills his hand
With ſword and fire, and ravages the land,
A thouſand villages to aſhes turns,
In crackling flames a thouſand harveſts burns.
To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
And mixt with bellowing herds confus'dly bleat;
Their trembling lords the common ſhade partake,
And cries of infants ſound in every brake:
The liſt'ning ſoldier fixt in ſorrow ſtands,
Loth to obey his leader's juſt commands;
The leader grieves, by gen'rous pity ſway'd,
To ſee his juſt commands ſo well obey'd.
But now the trumpet terrible from far
In ſhriller clangors animates the war,
Confed'rate drums in fuller conſort beat,
And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat:

Gallia's proud ſtandards, to Bavaria's join'd,
Unfurl their gilded lilies in the wind;
The daring prince his blaſted hopes renews,
And while the thick embattled hoſt he views
Stretcht out in deep array, and dreadful length,
His heart dilates, and glories in his ſtrength.

The fatal day its mighty courſe began,
That the griev'd world had long deſir'd in vain:
States that their new captivity bemoan'd,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
And prayers in bitterneſs of ſoul preferr'd,
Europe's loud cries, that providence aſſail'd,
And Anna's ardent vows, at length prevail'd;
The day was come when Heaven deſign'd to ſhow
His care and conduct of the world below.

Behold in awful march and dread array
The long-extended ſquadrons ſhape their way!
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the braveſt hearts;
Yet do their beating breaſts demand the ſtrife,
And thirſt of glory quells the love of life.
No vulgar fears can Britiſh minds controul;
Heat of revenge, and noble pride of ſoul,
O'er-look the foe, advantag'd by his poſt,
Leſſen his numbers, and contract his hoſt;
Though fens and floods poſſeſt the middle ſpace,
That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to paſs;
Nor fens nor floods can ſtop Britannia's bands,
When her proud foe rang'd on their borders ſtands.

But O, my muſe, what numbers wilt thou find
To ſing the furious troops in battle join'd!

Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous ſound,
The victor's ſhouts and dying groans confound,
The dreadful burſt of cannon rend the ſkies,
And all the thunder of the battle riſe.
'Twas then great Marlbro's mighty ſoul was prov'd,
That, in the ſhock of charging hoſts unmov'd,
Amidſt confuſion, horror, and deſpair,
Examin'd all the dreadful ſcenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death ſurvey'd,
To fainting ſquadrons ſent the timely aid,
Inſpir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel by divine command
With riſing tempeſts ſhakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia paſt,
Calm and ſerene he drives the furious blaſt;
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the ſtorm.

But ſee the haughty houſhold-troops advance!
The dread of Europe, and the pride of France.
The war's whole art each private ſoldier knows,
And with a gen'ral's love of conqueſt glows;
Proudly he marches on, and, void of fear,
Laughs at the ſhaking of the Britiſh ſpear:
Vain inſolence! with native freedom brave
The meaneſt Briton ſcorns the higheſt ſlave;
Contempt and fury fire their ſouls by turns,
Each nation's glory in each warrior burns,
Each fights, as in his arms th' important day
And all the fate of his great monarch lay;
A thouſand glorious actions, that might claim
Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,

Confus'd in crouds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undiſtinguiſh'd die.
O Dormer! how can I behold thy fate,
And not the wonders of thy youth relate!
How can I ſee the gay, the brave, the young,
Fall in the cloud of war, and lie unſung!
In joys of conqueſt he reſigns his breath,
And, fill'd with England's glory, ſmiles in death.
The rout begins, the Gallic ſquadrons run,
Compell'd in crouds to meet the fate they ſhun;
Thouſands of fiery ſteeds with wounds transfix'd
Floating in gore, with their dead maſters mix'd,
'Midſt heaps of ſpears and ſtandards driv'n around,
Lie in the Danube's bloody whirlpools drown'd.
Troops of bold youths, born on the diſtant Soane,
Or ſounding borders of the rapid Rhone,
Or where the Seine her flow'ry fields divides,
Or where the Loire through winding vineyards glides;
In heaps the rolling billows ſweep away,
And into Scythian ſeas their bloated corps convey.
From Blenheim's tow'rs, the Gaul, with wild affright,
Beholds the various havock of the fight;
His waving banners, that ſo oft had ſtood
Planted in fields of death, and ſtreams of blood,
So wont the guarded enemy to reach,
And riſe triumphant in the fatal breach,
Or pierce the broken foe's remoteſt lines,
The hardy veteran with tears reſigns.
Unfortunate Tallard! oh who can name
The pangs of rage, of ſorrow, and of ſhame,
That with mix'd tumult in thy boſom ſwell'd,
When firſt thou ſaw'ſt thy braveſt troops repell'd,

Thine only ſon pierc'd with a deadly wound,
Choak'd in his blood, and gaſping on the ground,
Thyſelf in bondage by the victor kept!
The chief, the father, and the captive wept.
An Engliſh muſe is touch'd with gen'rous woe,
And in th' unhappy man forgets the foe.
Greatly diſtreſs'd! thy loud complaints forbear,
Blame not the turns of fate, and chance of war;
Give thy brave foes their due, nor bluſh to own
The fatal field by ſuch great leaders won,
The field whence fam'd Eugenio bore away
Only the ſecond honours of the day.

With floods of gore, that from the vanquiſh'd fell,
The marſhes ſtagnate, and the rivers ſwell.
Mountains of ſlain lie heap'd upon the ground,
Or, 'midſt the roarings of the Danube drown'd;
Whole captive hoſts the conqueror detains
In painful bondage, and inglorious chains;
Ev'n thoſe who 'ſcap'd the fetters and the ſword,
Nor ſeek the fortunes of a happier lord,
Their raging king diſhonours, to compleat
Marlbro's great work, and finiſh the defeat.

From Memminghen's high domes, and Auſburg's walls,
The diſtant battle drives th' inſulting Gauls,
Freed by the terror of the victor's name
The reſcu'd ſtates his great protection claim;
Whilſt Ulme th' approach of her deliv'rer waits,
And longs to open her obſequious gates.

The hero's breaſt ſtill ſwells with great deſigns,
In every thought the tow'ring genius ſhines:
If to the foe his dreadful courſe he bends,
O'er the wide continent his march extends;

If ſieges in his lab'ring thoughts are form'd,
Camps are aſſaulted, and an army ſtorm'd;
If to the fight his active ſoul is bent,
The fate of Europe turns on its event.
What diſtant land, what region can afford
An action worthy his victorious ſword:
Where will he next the flying Gaul defeat,
To make the ſeries of his toils compleat?
Where the ſwoln Rhine ruſhing with all its force
Divides the hoſtile nations in its courſe,
While each contracts its bounds, or wider grows,
Enlarg'd or ſtraiten'd as the river flows,
On Gallia's ſide a mighty bulwark ſtands,
That all the wide-extended plain commands;
Twice, ſince the war was kindled, has he try'd
The victor's rage, and twice has chang'd its ſide;
As oft whole armies, with the prize o'erjoy'd,
Have the long ſummer on its walls employ'd.
Hither our mighty chief his arms directs,
Hence future triumphs from the war expects;
And, though the dog-ſtar had its courſe begun,
Carries his arms ſtill nearer to the ſun:
Fix'd on the glorious action, he forgets
The change of ſeaſons, and increaſe of heats;
No toils are painful that can danger ſhow,
No climes unlovely that contain a foe.
The roving Gaul, to his own bounds reſtrain'd,
Learns to encamp within his native land;
But ſoon as the victorious hoſt he ſpies,
From hill to hill, from ſtream to ſtream he flies:
Such dire impreſſions in his heart remain
Of Marlbro's ſword, and Hocſtet's fatal plain:

In vain Britannia's mighty chief beſets
The ſhady coverts, and obſcure retreats;
They fly the conqueror's approaching fame,
That bears the force of armies in his name.

Auſtria's young monarch, whoſe imperial ſway
Sceptres and thrones are deſtin'd to obey,
Whoſe boaſted anceſtry ſo high extends,
That in the pagan gods his lineage ends,
Comes from afar, in gratitude to own
The great ſupporter of his father's throne:
What tides of glory to his boſom ran,
Claſp'd in th' embraces of the godlike man!
How were his eyes with pleaſing wonder fix'd,
To ſee ſuch fire with ſo much ſweetneſs mix'd,
Such eaſy greatneſs, ſuch a graceful port,
So turn'd and finiſh'd for the camp or court!

Achilles thus was form'd with every grace,
And Nereus ſhone but in a ſecond place:
Thus the great father of almighty Rome,
(Divinely fluſh'd with an immortal bloom
That Cytherea's fragrant breath beſtow'd)
In all the charms of his bright mother glow'd.

The royal youth by Marlbro's preſence charm'd,
Taught by his counſels, by his actions warm'd,
On Landau with redoubled fury falls,
Diſcharges all his thunder on its walls,
O'er mines and caves of death provokes the fight,
And learns to conquer in the hero's ſight.

The Britiſh chief, for mighty toils renown'd,
Increas'd in titles, and with conqueſts crown'd,
To Belgian coaſts his tedious march renews,
And the long windings of the Rhine purſues,

Clearing its borders from uſurping foes,
And bleſs'd by reſcu'd nations as he goes.
Treves fears no more, freed from its dire alarms,
And Taerbach feels the terror of his arms,
Seated on rocks, her proud foundations ſhake,
While Marlbro preſſes to the bold attack,
Plants all his batt'ries, bids his cannon roar,
And ſhows how Landau might have fall'n before.
Scar'd at his near approach, great Louis fears
Vengeance reſerv'd for his declining years,
Forgets his thirſt of univerſal ſway,
And ſcarce can teach his ſubjects to obey;
His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,
Th' ambitious projects for his race deſtroy'd,
The work of ages ſunk in one campaign,
And lives of millions ſacrific'd in vain.

Such are th' effects of Anna's royal cares:
By her, Britannia, great in foreign wars,
Ranges through nations, whereſoe'er disjoin'd,
Without the wonted aid of ſea and wind.
By her th' unfetter'd Iſter's ſtates are free,
And taſte the ſweets of Engliſh liberty;
But who can tell the joys of thoſe that lie
Beneath the conſtant influence of her eye!
Whilſt in diffuſive ſhow'rs her bounties fall
Like heav'n's indulgence, and deſcend on all,
Secure the happy, ſuccour the diſtreſt,
Make ev'ry ſubject glad, and a whole people bleſt.

Thus would I fain Britannia's wars rehearſe,
In the ſmooth records of a faithful verſe;
That if ſuch numbers can o'er time prevail,
May tell poſterity the wond'rous tale.

When actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
Cities and countries muſt be taught to ſpeak;
Gods may deſcend in factions from the ſkies,
And rivers from their oozy beds ariſe;
Fiction may deck the truth with ſpurious rays,
And round the hero caſt a borrow'd blaze.
Marlbro's exploits appear divinely bright,
And proudly ſhine in their own native light;
Rais'd of themſelves, their genuine charms they boaſt,
And thoſe who paint them trueſt praiſe them moſt.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

TENDER HUSBAND*.

Spoken by Mr WILKS.

IN the firſt riſe and infancy of farce,
When fools were many, and when plays were ſcarce,
The raw unpractis'd authors could, with eaſe,
A young and unexperienc'd audience pleaſe;
No ſingle character had e'er been ſhown,
But the whole herd of fops was all their own;
Rich in originals, they ſet to view,
In ev'ry piece, a coxcomb that was new.
But now our Britiſh theatre can boaſt
Drolls of all kinds, a vaſt unthinking hoſt!
Fruitful of folly and of vice, it ſhows
Cuckolds, and cits, and bawds, and pimps, and beaux,
Rough country-knights are fond of ev'ry ſhire;
Of ev'ry faſhion gentle fops appear;
And punks of different characters we meet
As frequent on the ſtage as in the pit.
Our modern wits are forc'd to pick and cull,
And here and there by chance glean up a fool:

* A Comedy, written by Sir Richard Steele.

Long ere they find the neceſſary ſpark,
They ſearch the town, and beat about the park,
To all his moſt frequented haunts reſort,
Oft dog him to the ring, and oft to court:
As love of pleaſure, or of place invites:
And ſometimes catch him taking ſnuff at White's.
Howe'er, to do you right, the preſent age
Breeds very hopeful monſters for the ſtage;
That ſcorn the paths their dull forefathers trod,
And won't be blockheads in the common road.
Do but ſurvey this crouded houſe to-night:
——Here's ſtill encouragement for thoſe that write.
Our author, to divert his friends to-day,
Stocks with variety of fools his play:
And that there may be ſomething gay and new,
Two ladies-errant has expos'd to view;
The firſt a damſel, travell'd in romance;
The t'other more refin'd; ſhe comes from France:
Reſcue, like courteous knights, the nymph from danger;
And kindly treat, like well-bred men, the ſtranger.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

BRITISH ENCHANTERS*.

WHEN Orpheus tun'd his lyre with pleaſing woe,
Rivers forgot to run, and winds to blow,
While liſt'ning foreſts cover'd, as he play'd,
The ſoft muſician in a moving ſhade.
That this night's ſtrains the ſame ſucceſs may find,
The force of magic is to muſic join'd:
Where ſounding ſtrings and artful voices fail,
The charming rod and mutter'd ſpells prevail.
Let ſage Urganda wave the circling wand,
On barren mountains, or a waſte of ſand,
The deſart ſmiles; the woods begin to grow,
The birds to warble, and the ſprings to flow.
The ſame dull ſights in the ſame landſcape mix'd,
Scenes of ſtill life, and points for ever fix'd,
A tedious pleaſure on the mind beſtow,
And pall the ſenſe with one continu'd ſhow:
But as our two magicians try their ſkill,
The viſion varies, though the place ſtands ſtill;

* A dramatic Poem, written by the Lord Lanſdown.

While the ſame ſpot its gaudy form renews,
Shifting the proſpect to a thouſand views.
Thus (without unity of place tranſgreſt)
Th' Enchanter turns the critic to a jeſt.
But, howſoe'er, to pleaſe your wand'ring eyes,
Bright objects diſappear, and brighter riſe:
There's none can make amends for loſt delight,
While from that circle we divert your ſight.

PROLOGUE

TO

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS*.

Spoken by Mr WILKS.

LONG has a race of heroes fill'd the ſtage,
That rant by note, and thro' the gamut rage:
In ſongs and airs expreſs their martial fire,
Combat in trills, and in a feuge expire;
While lull'd by ſound, and undiſturb'd by wit,
Calm and ſerene you indolently ſit:
And from the dull fatigue of thinking free,
Hear the facetious fiddle's repartee:
Our home-ſpun authors muſt forſake the field,
And Shakeſpear to the ſoft Scarletti yield.
To your new taſte the poet of this day,
Was by a friend advis'd to form his play;
Had Valentini, muſically coy,
Shun'd Phaedra's arms, and ſcorn'd the proffer'd joy,
It had not mov'd your wonder to have ſeen
An eunuch fly from an enamour'd queen:

* A Tragedy, written by Mr Edmund Smith.

How would it pleaſe, ſhould ſhe in Engliſh ſpeak,
And could Hippolitus reply in Greek?
But he, a ſtranger to your modiſh way,
By your old rules muſt ſtand or fall to-day.
And hopes you will your foreign taſte command,
To bear, for once, with what you underſtand.

HORACE,

ODE III. BOOK III.

AUGUSTUS had a design to rebuild Troy, and make it the metropolis of the Roman empire, having closetted several senators on the project: HORACE is supposed to have written the following ODE on this occasion.

THE man resolv'd and steady to his trust,
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries;
The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,
And the stern brow, and the harsh voice defies,
And with superior greatness smiles.
Not the rough whirlwind, that deforms
Adria's black gulf, and vexes it with storms,
The stubborn virtue of his soul can move;
Not the red arm of angry Jove,
That flings the thunder from the sky,
And gives it rage to roar, and strength to fly.
Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In ruin and confusion hurl'd,
He unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling world,

Such were the godlike arts that led
Bright Pollux to the bleſt abodes:
Such did for great Alcides plead,
And gain'd a place among the Gods;
Where now Auguſtus, mix'd with heroes, lies,
And to his lips the nectar bowl applies:
His ruddy lips the purple tincture ſhow,
And with immortal ſtains divinely glow.
By arts like theſe did young Lyæus riſe:
His tigers drew him to the ſkies,
Wild from the deſart and unbroke:
In vain they foam'd, in vain they ſtar'd,
In vain their eyes with fury glar'd;
He tam'd them to the laſh, and bent them to the yoke.
Such were the paths that Rome's great founder trode,
When in a whirlwind ſnatch'd on high,
He ſhook off dull mortality,
And loſt the monarch in the god.
Bright Juno then her awful ſilence broke,
And thus th' aſſembled deities beſpoke.
Troy, ſays the goddeſs, perjur'd Troy has felt
The dire effects of her proud tyrant's guilt;
The towering pile, and ſoft abodes,
Wall'd by the hand of ſervile gods,
Now ſpreads its ruins all around,
And lies inglorious on the ground.
An umpire, partial and unjuſt,
And a lewd woman's impious luſt,
Lay heavy on her head, and ſunk her to the duſt.
Since falſe Laomedon's tyrannic ſway,
That durſt defraud th' immortals of their pay,

Her guardian gods renounc'd their patronage,
Nor would the fierce invading foe repel;
To my reſentments, and Minerva's rage,
The guilty king and the whole people fell.
And now the long protracted wars are o'er,
The ſoft adult'rer ſhines no more;
No more does Hector's force the Trojans ſhield,
That drove whole armies back, and ſingly clear'd the field.
My vengeance ſated, I at length reſign
To Mars his offspring of the Trojan line:
Advanc'd to god-head let him riſe,
And take his ſtation in the ſkies;
There entertain his raviſh'd ſight
With ſcenes of glory, fields of light;
Quaff with the gods immortal wine,
And ſee adoring nations croud his ſhrine:
The thin remains of Troy's afflicted hoſt,
In diſtant realms may feats unenvy'd find,
And flouriſh on a foreign coaſt;
But far be Rome from Troy disjoin'd,
Remov'd by ſeas, from the diſaſtrous ſhore,
May endleſs billows riſe between, and ſtorms unnumber'd rore.
Still let the curſt deteſted place,
Where Priam lies, and Priam's faithleſs race,
Be cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in graſs.
There let the wanton flocks unguarded ſtray;
Or, while the lonely ſhepherd ſings,
Amidſt the mighty ruins play,
And friſk upon the tombs of kings.
May tigers there, and all the ſavage kind,
Sad ſolitary haunts, and ſilent deſarts find;

In gloomy vaults, and nooks of palaces,
May th' unmoleſted lioneſs
Her brinded whelps ſecurely lay,
Or, couch'd, in dreadful ſlumbers waſte the day.
While Troy in heaps of ruins lies,
Rome and the Roman capitol ſhall riſe,
Th' illuſtrious exiles unconfin'd
Shall triumph far and near, and rule mankind.
In vain the ſea's intruding tide
Europe from Afric ſhall divide,
And part the ſever'd world in two:
Through Afric's ſands their triumphs they ſhall ſpread,
And the long train of victories purſue
To Nile's yet undiſcover'd head.
Riches the hardy ſoldier ſhall deſpiſe,
And look on gold with undeſiring eyes,
Nor the diſbowell'd earth explore
In ſearch of the forbidden ore;
Thoſe glitt'ring ills conceal'd within the mine,
Shall lie untouch'd, and innocently ſhine.
To the laſt bounds that nature ſets,
The piercing colds and ſultry heats,
The godlike race ſhall ſpread their arms,
Now fill the polar circle with alarms,
'Till ſtorms and tempeſts their purſuits confine;
Now ſweat for conqueſt underneath the line.
This only law the victor ſhall reſtrain,
On theſe conditions ſhall he reign;
If none his guilty hand employ
To build again a ſecond Troy,
If none the raſh deſign purſue,
Nor tempt the vengeance of the gods anew.

A curſe there cleaves to the devoted place,
That ſhall the new foundations raſe:
Greece ſhall in mutual leagues conſpire
To ſtorm the riſing town with fire,
And at their army's head myſelf will ſhow
What Juno, urg'd to all her rage, can do.
Thrice ſhould Apollo's ſelf the city raiſe
And line it round with walls of braſs,
Thrice ſhould my fav'rite Greeks his works confound,
And hew the ſhining fabric to the ground;
Thrice ſhould her captive dames to Greece return,
And their dead ſons and ſlaughter'd huſbands mourn.
But hold, my muſe, forbear thy tow'ring flight,
Nor bring the ſecrets of the gods to light:
In vain would thy preſumptuous verſe
Th' immortal rhetoric rehearſe;
The mighty ſtrains, in lyric numbers bound,
Forget their majeſty, and loſe their ſound.

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK II.

The Story of PHAETON.

THE ſun's bright palace, on high columns rais'd,
With burniſh'd gold and flaming jewels blaz'd;
The folding gates diffus'd a ſilver light,
And with a milder gleam refreſh'd the ſight;
Of poliſh'd ivory was the covering wrought:
The matter vied not with the ſculptor's thought,
For in the portal was diſplay'd on high
(The work of Vulcan) a fictitious ſky;
A waving ſea th' inferior earth embrac'd,
And gods and goddeſſes the waters grac'd.
Ægeon here a mighty whale beſtrode;
Triton, and Proteus (the deceiving god)
With Doris here were carv'd, and all her train,
Some looſely ſwimming in the figur'd main,
While ſome on rocks their drooping hair divide,
And ſome on fiſhes through the waters glide:
Though various features did the ſiſters grace,
A ſiſter's likeneſs was in every face.

On earth a different landſcape courts the eyes,
Men, towns, and beaſts, in diſtant proſpects riſe,
And nymphs, and ſtreams, and woods, and rural deities.
O'er all, the heaven's refulgent image ſhines;
On either gate were ſix engraven ſigns.
Here Phaeton, ſtill gaining on th' aſcent,
To his ſuſpected father's palace went,
'Till preſſing forward through the bright abode,
He ſaw at diſtance the illuſtrious god.
He ſaw at diſtance, or the dazzling light
Had flaſh'd too ſtrongly on his aching ſight.
The god ſits high, exalted on a throne
Of blazing gems, with purple garments on;
The Hours, in order rang'd on either hand,
And Days, and Months, and Years, and Ages, ſtand.
Here Spring appears with flow'ry chaplets bound;
Here Summer in her wheaten garland crown'd;
Here Autumn the rich trodden grapes beſmear;
And hoary Winter ſhivers in the rear.
Phoebus beheld the youth from off his throne;
That eye, which looks on all, was fix'd on one.
He ſaw the boy's confuſion in his face,
Surpris'd at all the wonders of the place;
And cries aloud, 'What wants my ſon? for know,
'My ſon thou art, and I muſt call thee ſo.'
'Light of the world, the trembling youth replies,
'Illuſtrious parent! ſince you don't deſpiſe
'The parent's name, ſome certain token give,
'That I may Clymene's proud boaſt believe,
'Nor longer under falſe reproaches grieve.'
The tender ſire was touch'd with what he ſaid,
And flung the blaze of glories from his head,

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK II.

The Story of PHAETON.

THE ſun's bright palace, on high columns rais'd,
With burniſh'd gold and flaming jewels blaz'd;
The folding gates diffus'd a ſilver light,
And with a milder gleam refreſh'd the ſight;
Of poliſh'd ivory was the covering wrought:
The matter vied not with the ſculptor's thought,
For in the portal was diſplay'd on high
(The work of Vulcan) a fictitious ſky;
A waving ſea th' inferior earth embrac'd,
And gods and goddeſſes the waters grac'd.
Ægeon here a mighty whale beſtrode;
Triton, and Proteus (the deceiving god)
With Doris here were carv'd, and all her train,
Some looſely ſwimming in the figur'd main,
While ſome on rocks their drooping hair divide,
And ſome on fiſhes through the waters glide:
Though various features did the ſiſters grace,
A ſiſter's likeneſs was in every face.

On earth a different landſcape courts the eyes,
Men, towns, and beaſts, in diſtant proſpects riſe,
And nymphs, and ſtreams, and woods, and rural deities.
O'er all, the heaven's refulgent image ſhines;
On either gate were ſix engraven ſigns.
Here Phaeton, ſtill gaining on th' aſcent,
To his ſuſpected father's palace went,
'Till preſſing forward through the bright abode,
He ſaw at diſtance the illuſtrious god.
He ſaw at diſtance, or the dazzling light
Had flaſh'd too ſtrongly on his aching ſight.
The god ſits high, exalted on a throne
Of blazing gems, with purple garments on;
The Hours, in order rang'd on either hand,
And Days, and Months, and Years, and Ages, ſtand.
Here Spring appears with flow'ry chaplets bound;
Here Summer in her wheaten garland crown'd;
Here Autumn the rich trodden grapes beſmear;
And hoary Winter ſhivers in the rear.
Phoebus beheld the youth from off his throne;
That eye, which looks on all, was fix'd on one.
He ſaw the boy's confuſion in his face,
Surpris'd at all the wonders of the place;
And cries aloud, 'What wants my ſon? for know,
'My ſon thou art, and I muſt call thee ſo.'
'Light of the world, the trembling youth replies,
'Illuſtrious parent! ſince you don't deſpiſe
'The parent's name, ſome certain token give,
'That I may Clymene's proud boaſt believe,
'Nor longer under falſe reproaches grieve.'
The tender ſire was touch'd with what he ſaid,
And flung the blaze of glories from his head,

And bid the youth advance; 'My ſon,' ſaid he,
'Come to thy father's arms! for Clymene
'Has told thee true; a parent's name I own,
'And deem thee worthy to be call'd my ſon.
'As a ſure proof, make ſome requeſt, and I,
'Whate'er it be, with that requeſt comply;
'By Styx I ſwear, whoſe waves are hid in night,
'And roll impervious to my piercing ſight.'
The youth tranſported, aſks without delay,
To guide the ſun's bright chariot for a day.
The god repented of the oath he took,
For anguiſh thrice his radiant head he ſhook:
'My ſon,' ſays he, 'ſome other proof require;
'Raſh was my promiſe, raſh is thy deſire,
'I'd fain deny this wiſh which thou haſt made,
'Or, what I can't deny, would fain diſſuade.
'Too vaſt and hazardous the taſk appears,
'Nor ſuited to thy ſtrength, nor to thy years.
'Thy lot is mortal, but thy wiſhes fly
'Beyond the province of mortality:
'There is not one of all the gods that dares
'(However ſkill'd in other great affairs)
'To mount the burning axle-tree, but I;
'Not Jove himſelf, the ruler of the ſky,
'That hurls the three-fork'd thunder from above,
'Dares try his ſtrength; yet who ſo ſtrong as Jove?
'The ſteeds climb up the firſt aſcent with pain:
'And when the middle firmament they gain,
'If downward from the heavens my head I bow,
'And ſee the earth and ocean hang below,
'Ev'n I am ſeiz'd with horror and affright,
'And my own heart miſgives me at the ſight.

'A mighty downfal ſteeps the ev'ning ſtage,
'And ſteady reins muſt curb the horſes rage.
'Tethys herſelf has fear'd to ſee me driven
'Down headlong from the precipice of heaven,
'Beſides, conſider what impetuous force
'Turns ſtars and planets in a different courſe:
'I ſteer againſt their motions; nor am I
'Born back by all the current of the ſky.
'But how could you reſiſt the orbs that roll
'In adverſe whirls, and ſtem the rapid pole?
'But you perhaps may hope for pleaſing woods,
'And ſtately domes, and cities fill'd with gods;
'While through a thouſand ſnares your progreſs lies,
'Where forms of ſtarry monſters ſtock the ſkies:
'For, ſhould you hit the doubtful way aright,
'The Bull, with ſtooping horns, ſtands oppoſite;
'Next him the bright Haemonian Bow is ſtrung;
'And next, the Lion's grinning viſage hung:
'The Scorpion's claws here claſp a wide extent,
'And here the Crab's in leſſer claſps are bent.
'Nor would you find it eaſy to compoſe
'The mettled ſteeds, when from their noſtrils flows
'The ſcorching fire, that in their entrails glows.
'Ev'n I their head-ſtrong fury ſcarce reſtrain,
'When they grow warm and reſtiff to the rein.
'Let not my ſon a fatal gift require,
'But oh! in time, recall your raſh deſire;
'You aſk a gift that may your parent tell,
'Let theſe my fears your parentage reveal;
'And learn a father from a father's care:
'Look on my face; or if my heart lay bare,
'Could you but look, you'd read the father there.

'Chuſe out a gift from ſeas, or earth, or ſkies,
'For open to your wiſh all nature lies,
'Only decline this one unequal taſk,
'For 'tis a miſchief, not a gift, you aſk;
'You aſk a real miſchief, Phaeton;
'Nay, hang not thus about my neck, my ſon:
'I grant your wiſh, and Styx has heard my voice,
'Chuſe what you will, but make a wiſer choice.'
Thus did the god th' unwary youth adviſe;
But he ſtill longs to travel through the ſkies.
When the fond father (for in vain he pleads)
At length to the Vulcanian chariot leads.
A golden axel did the work uphold,
Gold was the beam, the wheels were orb'd with gold.
The ſpokes in rows of ſilver pleas'd the ſight,
The ſeat with parti-colour'd gems was bright;
Apollo ſhin'd amid the glare of light.
The youth with ſecret joy the work ſurveys:
When now the morn diſclos'd her purple rays;
The ſtars were fled; for Lucifer had chac'd
The ſtars away, and fled himſelf at laſt.
Soon as the father ſaw the roſy morn,
And the moon ſhining with a blunter horn,
He bid the nimble Hours, without delay,
Bring forth his ſteeds; the nimble Hours obey:
From their full racks the gen'rous ſteeds retire,
Dropping ambroſial foams, and ſnorting fire.
Still anxious for his ſon, the god of day,
To make him proof againſt the burning ray,
His temples with celeſtial ointment wet,
Of ſov'reign virtue to repel the heat;

Then fix'd the beamy circle on his head,
And fetch'd a deep foreboding ſigh, and ſaid,
'Take this at leaſt, this laſt advice, my ſon;
'Keap a ſtiff rein, and move but gently on:
'The courſers of themſelves will run too faſt,
'Your art muſt be to moderate their haſte.
'Drive them not on directly through the ſkies,
'But where the Zodiac's winding circle lies,
'Along the midmoſt Zone; but ſally forth
'Nor to the diſtant ſouth, nor ſtormy north.
'The horſes hoofs a beaten tract will ſhow,
'But neither mount too high, nor ſink too low,
'That no new fires or heaven or earth infeſt;
'Keep the mid way, the middle way is beſt.
'Nor, where in radiant folds the Serpent twines,
'Direct your courſe, nor where the Altar ſhines.
'Shun both extremes; the reſt let fortune guide,
'And better for thee than thyſelf provide!
'See, while I ſpeak, the ſhades diſperſe away,
'Aurora gives the promiſe of a day;
'I'm call'd, nor can I make a longer ſtay.
'Snatch up the reins; or ſtill th' attempt forſake,
'And not my chariot, but my counſel take,
'While yet ſecurely on the earth you ſtand;
'Nor touch the horſes with too raſh a hand.
'Let me alone to light the world, while you
'Enjoy thoſe beams which you may ſafely view.'
He ſpoke in vain; the youth with active heat
And ſprightly vigour vaults into the ſeat;
And joys to hold the reins, and fondly gives
Thoſe thanks his father with remorſe receives.

Meanwhile the reſtleſs horſes neigh'd aloud,
Breathing out fire, and pawing where they ſtood.
Tethys, not knowing what had paſt, gave way,
And all the waſte of heaven before them lay.
They ſpring together out, and ſwiftly bear
The flying youth through clouds and yielding air;
With wingy ſpeed outſtrip the eaſtern wind,
And leave the breezes of the morn behind.
The youth was light, nor could he fill the ſeat,
Or poiſe the chariot with its wonted weight:
But as at ſea th'unballaſs'd veſſel rides,
Caſt to and fro, the ſport of winds and tides;
So in the bounding chariot toſs'd on high,
The youth is hurried headlong through the ſky.
Soon as the ſteeds perceive it, they forſake
Their ſtated courſe, and leave the beaten track.
The youth was in a maze, nor did he know
Which way to turn the reins, or where to go;
Nor would the horſes, had he known, obey.
Then the Seven Stars firſt felt Apollo's ray,
And wiſh'd to dip in the forbidden ſea.
The folded Serpent next the frozen pole,
Stiff and benumb'd before, began to roll,
And rag'd with inward heat, and threaten'd war,
And ſhot a redder light from every ſtar;
Nay, and 'tis ſaid, Bootes too, that fain
Thou would'ſt have fled, tho' cumber'd with thy wain.
Th'unhappy youth then, bending down his head,
Saw earth and ocean far beneath him ſpread:
His colour chang'd, he ſtartled at the ſight,
And his eyes darken'd by too great a light.

Now could he wiſh the fiery ſteeds untry'd,
His birth obſcure, and his requeſt deny'd:
Now would he Merops for his father own,
And quit his boaſted kindred to the ſun.
So fares the pilot, when his ſhip is toſt
In troubled ſeas, and all its ſteerage loſt,
He gives her to the winds, and in deſpair
Seeks his laſt refuge in the gods and prayer.
What could he do? his eyes, if backward caſt,
Find a long path he had already paſt;
If forward, ſtill a longer path they find:
Both he compares, and meaſures in his mind;
And ſometimes caſts an eye upon the eaſt,
And ſometimes looks on the forbidden weſt.
The horſes names he knew not in the fright;
Nor would he loſe the reins, nor could he hold 'em tight.
Now all the horrors of the heaven he ſpies,
And monſtrous ſhadows of prodigious ſize,
That deck'd with ſtars, lie ſcatter'd o'er the ſkies.
There is a place above, where Scorpio bent
In tail and arms ſurrounds a vaſt extent;
In a wide circuit of the heavens he ſhines,
And fills the ſpace of two celeſtial ſigns;
Soon as the youth beheld him, vex'd with heat,
Brandiſh his ſting, and in his poiſon ſweat,
Half dead with ſudden fear he dropt the reins;
The horſes felt them looſe upon their maens,
And, flying out through all the plains above,
Ran uncontroll'd where-e'er their fury drove;
Ruſh'd on the ſtars, and through a pathleſs way
Of unknown regions hurry'd on the day.

And now above, and now below they flew,
And near the earth the burning chariot drew.
The clouds diſperſe in fumes, the wond'ring moon
Beholds her brother's ſteeds beneath her own;
The highlands ſmoak, cleft by the piercing rays,
Or, clad with woods, in their own feuel blaze.
Next o'er the plains, where ripen'd harveſts grow,
The running conflagration ſpreads below.
But theſe are trivial ills: Whole cities burn,
And peopl'd kingdoms into aſhes turn.
The mountains kindle as the car draws near,
Athos and Tmolus red with fires appear;
Oeagrian Haemus (then a ſingle name)
And virgin Helicon increaſe the flame;
Taurus and Oete glare amid the ſky,
And Ida, ſpight of all her fountains, dry.
Eryx, and Othrys, and Cithaeron, glow;
And Rhodope, no longer cloathd in ſnow;
High Pindus, Mimas, and Parnaſſus, ſweat,
And Ætna rages with redoubled heat.
Even Scythia, through her hoary regions warm'd,
In vain with all her native froſt was arm'd,
Cover'd with flames, the towering Appennine,
And Caucaſus, and proud Olympus, ſhine;
And, where the long-extended Alpes aſpire,
Now ſtands a huge continu'd range of fire.
Th'aſtoniſh'd youth, where-e'er his eyes could turn,
Beheld the univerſe around him burn:
The world was in a blaze; nor could he bear
The ſultry vapours and the ſcorching air,
Which from below, as from a furnace, flow'd;
And now the axle-tree beneath him glow'd:

Loſt in the whirling clouds, that round him broke,
And white with aſhes, hov'ring in the ſmoke,
He flew where-e'er the horſes drove, nor knew
Whether the horſes drove, or where he flew.
'Twas then, they ſay, the ſwarthy Moor begun
To change his hue, and blacken in the ſun.
Then Libya firſt, of all her moiſture drain'd,
Became a barren waſte, a wild of ſand.
The water-nymphs lament their empty urns,
Boeotia, robb'd of ſilver Dirce, mourns,
Corinth Pyrene's waſted ſpring bewails,
And Argos grieves whilſt Amymone fails.
The floods are drain'd from every diſtant coaſt,
Even Tanais, though fix'd in ice, was loſt,
Enrag'd Caicus and Lycormas roar,
And Xanthus fated to be burnt once more.
The fam'd Maeander, that unweary'd ſtrays
Through mazy windings, ſmokes in every maze.
From his lov'd Babylon Euphrates flies;
The big-ſwoln Ganges and the Danube riſe
In thick'ning fumes, and darken half the ſkies.
In flames Iſmenos and the Phaſis roll'd,
And Tagus floating in his melted gold.
The ſwans, that on Caiſter often try'd
Their tuneful ſongs, now ſung their laſt, and dy'd.
The frighted Nile ran off, and under ground
Conceal'd his head, nor can it yet be found:
His ſeven divided currents all are dry,
And where they roll'd, ſeven gaping trenches lie.
No more the Rhine or Rhone their courſe maintain,
Nor Tiber, of his promis'd empire vain.

The ground, deep cleft, admits the dazling ray,
And ſtartles Pluto with the flaſh of day.
The ſeas ſhrink in, and to the ſight diſcloſe
Wide naked plains, where once their billows roſe;
Their rocks are all diſcover'd, and increaſe
The number of the ſcatter'd Cyclades.
The fiſh in ſhoals about the bottom creep,
Nor longer dares the crooked dolphin leap:
Gaſping for breath, th'unſhapen Phocae die,
And on the boiling wave extended lie.
Nereus, and Doris with her virgin train,
Seek out the laſt receſſes of the main;
Beneath unfathomable deeps they faint,
And ſecret in their gloomy caverns pant.
Stern Neptune thrice above the waves upheld
His face, and thrice was by the flames repell'd.
The Earth, at length, on every ſide embrac'd
With ſcalding ſeas, that floated round her waiſt,
When now ſhe felt the ſprings and rivers come,
And croud within the hollow of her womb,
Uplifted to the heavens her blaſted head,
And clapt her hands upon her brows, and ſaid;
(But firſt, impatient of the ſultry heat,
Sunk deeper down, and ſought a cooler ſeat:)
'If you, great king of gods, my death approve,
'And I deſerve it, let me die by Jove;
'If I muſt periſh by the force of fire,
'Let me transfix'd with thunderbolts expire.
'See, whilſt I ſpeak, my breath the vapour's choak,
(For now her face lay wrapt in clouds of ſmoke)
'See my ſing'd hair, behold my faded eye,
'And wither'd face, where heaps of cinders lie!

'And does the plough for this my body tear?
'This the reward for all the fruits I bear,
'Tortur'd with rakes, and harraſs'd all the year?
'That herbs for cattle daily I renew,
'And food for man, and frankincenſe for you?
'But grant me guilty; what has Neptune done?
'Why are his waters boiling in the ſun?
'The wavy empire, which by lot was giv'n,
'Why does it waſte, and further ſhrink from heav'n?
'If I nor he your pity can provoke,
'See your own heav'ns, the heav'ns begin to ſmoke!
'Should once the ſparkles catch thoſe bright abodes,
'Deſtruction ſeizes on the heav'ns and gods;
'Atlas become unequal to his freight,
'And almoſt faints beneath the glowing weight.
'If heav'n, and earth, and ſea together burn,
'All muſt again into their chaos turn.
'Apply ſome ſpeedy cure, prevent our fate,
'And ſuccour nature, ere it be too late.'
She ceas'd; for choak'd with vapours round her ſpread,
Down to the deepeſt ſhades ſhe ſunk her head.
Jove call'd to witneſs ev'ry pow'r above,
And even the god whoſe ſon the chariot drove,
That what he acts he is compell'd to do,
Or univerſal ruin muſt enſue.
Strait he aſcends the high aetherial throne,
From whence he us'd to dart his thunder down,
From whence his ſhow'rs and ſtorms he us'd to pour,
But now could meet with neither ſtorm nor ſhow'r.
Then, aiming at the youth, with lifted hand,
Full at his head he hurl'd the forky brand,

In dreadful thund'rings. Thus th' almighty ſire
Suppreſs'd the raging of the fires with fire.
At once from life, and from the chariot driv'n,
Th' ambitious boy fell thunder-ſtruck from heav'n.
The horſes ſtarted with a ſudden bound,
And flung the reins and chariot to the ground;
The ſtudded harneſs from their necks they broke;
Here fell a wheel, and there a ſilver ſpoke,
Here were the beam and axle torn away;
And, ſcatter'd o'er the earth, the ſhining fragments lay.
The breathleſs Phaeton, with flaming hair,
Shot from the chariot, like a falling ſtar,
That, in a ſummer's ev'ning, from the top
Of heav'n drops down, or ſeems at leaſt to drop;
Till on the Po his blaſted corpſe was hurl'd,
Far from his country, in the weſtern world.

PHAETON's Siſters transformed into Trees.

THE Latian nymphs came round him, and, amaz'd,
On the dead youth, transfix'd with thunder, gaz'd;
And, whilſt yet ſmoaking from the bolt he lay,
His ſhatter'd body to a tomb convey,
And o'er the tomb an epitaph deviſe:
'Here he who drove the ſun's bright chariot lies;
'His father's fiery ſteeds he could not guide,
'But in the glorious enterprize he dy'd.'
Apollo hid his face, and pin'd for grief,
And, if the ſtory may deſerve belief,
The ſpace of one whole day is ſaid to run,
From morn to wonted even, without a ſun:

The burning ruins, with a fainter ray,
Supply the ſun, and counterfeit a day,
A day, that ſtill did nature's face diſcloſe:
This comfort from the mighty miſchief roſe.
But Clymene, enrag'd with grief, laments,
And as her grief inſpires, her paſſion vents:
Wild for her ſon, and frantic in her woes,
With hair diſhevel'd, round the world ſhe goes,
To ſeek where'er his body might be caſt;
Till on the borders of the Po, at laſt
The name inſcrib'd on the new tomb appears,
The dear, dear name ſhe bathes in flowing tears:
Hangs o'er the tomb, unable to depart,
And hugs the marble to her throbbing heart.
Her daughters too lament, and ſigh, and mourn,
(A fruitleſs tribute to their brother's urn)
And beat their naked boſoms, and complain,
And call aloud for Phaeton in vain:
All the long night their mournful watch they keep,
And all the day ſtand round the tomb, and weep.
Four times, revolving, the full moon return'd;
So long the mother and the daughters mourn'd:
When now the eldeſt, Phaethuſa, ſtrove
To reſt her weary limbs, but could not move;
Lampetia would have help'd her, but ſhe found
Herſelf with-held, and rooted to the ground:
A third in wild affliction, as ſhe grieves,
Would rend her hair, but fills her hand with leaves;
One ſees her thighs transform'd, another views
Her arms ſhot out, and branching into boughs.
And now their legs, and breaſts, and bodies ſtood
Cruſted with bark, and hard'ning into wood;

But ſtill above were female heads diſplay'd,
And mouths, that call'd the mother to their aid.
What could, alas! the weeping mother do?
From this to that with eager haſte ſhe flew,
And kiſs'd her ſprouting daughters as they grew.
She tears the bark that to each body cleaves,
And from their verdant fingers ſtrips the leaves:
The blood came trickling, where ſhe tore away
The leaves and bark: The maids were heard to ſay,
'Forbear, miſtaken parent, oh, forbear!
'A wounded daughter in each tree you tear;
'Farewel for ever.' Here the bark increas'd,
Clos'd on their faces, and their words ſuppreſs'd.
The new-made trees in tears of amber run,
Which, harden'd into value by the ſun,
Diſtil for ever on the ſtreams below.
The limpid ſtreams their radiant treaſure ſhow,
Mix'd in the ſand; whence the rich drops convey'd
Shine in the dreſs of the bright Latian maid.

The Transformation of CYCNUS into a Swan.

CYCNUS beheld the nymphs transform'd, ally'd
To their dead brother, on their mortal ſide,
In friendſhip and affection nearer bound;
He left the cities and the realms he own'd;
Through pathleſs fields and lonely ſhores to range,
And woods, made thicker by the ſiſters change.
Whilſt here, within the diſmal gloom, alone,
The melancholy monarch made his moan,

His voice was leſſen'd, as he try'd to ſpeak,
And iſſu'd through a long-extended neck;
His hair transforms to down, his fingers meet
In ſkinny films, and ſhape his oary feet;
From both his ſides the wings and feathers break;
And from his mouth proceeds a blunted beak:
All Cycnus now into a ſwan was turn'd,
Who, ſtill rememb'ring how his kinſman burn'd,
To ſolitary pools and lakes retires,
And loves the waters as oppos'd to fires.

Meanwhile Apollo in a gloomy ſhade
(The native luſtre of his brows decay'd)
Indulging ſorrow, ſickens at the ſight
Of his own ſun-ſhine, and abhors the light:
The hidden griefs that in his boſom riſe,
Sadden his looks, and overcaſt his eyes,
As when ſome duſky orb obſtructs his ray,
And ſullies, in a dim eclipſe, the day.

Now ſecretly with inward griefs he pin'd,
Now warm reſentments to his grief he join'd,
And now renounc'd his office to mankind.
'E'er ſince the birth of Time,' ſaid he, 'I've born
'A long ungrateful toil, without return;
'Let now ſome other manage, if he dare,
'The fiery ſteeds, and mount the burning car;
'Or, if none elſe, let Jove his fortune try,
'And learn to lay his murd'ring thunder by;
'Then will he own, perhaps, but own too late,
'My ſon deſerv'd not ſo ſevere a fate.'

The gods ſtand round him, as he mourns, and pray
He would reſume the conduct of the day,

Nor let the world be loſt in endleſs night:
Jove too, himſelf, deſcending from his height,
Excuſes what had happen'd, and intreats,
Majeſtically mixing pray'rs and threats.
Prevail'd upon at length, again he took
The harneſs'd ſteeds, that ſtill with horror ſhook,
And plies them with the laſh, and whips them on,
And, as he whips, upbraids them with his ſon.

The Story of CALISTO.

THE day was ſettled in its courſe; and Jove
Walk'd the wide circuit of the heav'ns above,
To ſearch if any cracks or flaws were made;
But all was ſafe; the earth he then ſurvey'd,
And caſt an eye on every diff'rent coaſt,
And every land; but on Arcadia moſt.
Her fields he cloth'd, and chear'd her blaſted face
With running fountains, and with ſpringing graſs.
No tracks of heav'n's deſtructive fire remain,
The fields and woods revive, and nature ſmiles again.
But as the god walk'd to and fro the earth,
And rais'd the plants, and gave the ſpring its birth,
By chance a fair Arcadian nymph he view'd,
And felt the lovely charmer in his blood.
The nymph nor ſpun, nor dreſs'd with artful pride;
Her veſt was gather'd up, her hair was ty'd;
Now in her hand a ſlender ſpear ſhe bore,
Now a light quiver on her ſhoulders wore;
To chaſte Diana from her youth inclin'd,
The ſprightly warriors of the wood ſhe join'd.

Diana too the gentle huntreſs lov'd,
Nor was there one of all the nymphs that rov'd
O'er Maenalus, amid the maiden throng,
More favour'd once; but favour laſts not long.
The ſun now ſhone in all its ſtrength, and drove
The heated virgin panting to a grove;
The grove around a grateful ſhadow caſt:
She dropt her arrows, and her bow unbrac'd;
She flung herſelf on the cool graſſy bed;
And on the painted quiver rais'd her head.
Jove ſaw the charming huntreſs unprepar'd,
Stretch'd on the verdant turf, without a guard.
'Here I am ſafe,' he cries, 'from Juno's eye;
'Or ſhould my jealous queen the theft deſcry,
'Yet would I venture on a theft like this,
'And ſtand her rage for ſuch, for ſuch a bliſs!'
Diana's ſhape and habit ſtraight he took,
Soften'd his brows, and ſmooth'd his awful look,
And mildly in a female accent ſpoke.
'How fares my girl! How went the morning chaſe?'
To whom the virgin, ſtarting from the graſs,
'All-hail, bright deity, whom I prefer
'To Jove himſelf, tho' Jove himſelf were here.'
The god was nearer than ſhe thought, and heard
Well-pleas'd himſelf before himſelf preferr'd.
He then ſalutes her with a warm embrace:
And, ere ſhe half had told the morning chaſe,
With love enflam'd, and eager on his bliſs,
Smother'd her words, and ſtop'd her with a kiſs,
His kiſſes with unwonted ardour glow'd,
Nor could Diana's ſhape conceal the god.

The virgin did whate'er a virgin cou'd;
(Sure Juno muſt have pardon'd, had ſhe view'd)
With all her might againſt his force ſhe ſtrove;
But how can mortal maids contend with Jove!
Poſſeſs'd at length of what his heart deſir'd,
Back to his heavens th' exulting god retir'd.
The lovely huntreſs, riſing from the graſs,
With down-caſt eyes, and with a bluſhing face,
By ſhame confounded, and by fear diſmay'd,
Flew from the covert of the guilty ſhade,
And almoſt, in the tumult of her mind,
Left her forgotten bow and ſhafts behind.
But now Diana, with a ſprightly train
Of quiver'd virgins, bounding o'er the plain,
Call'd to the nymph; the nymph began to fear
A ſecond fraud, a Jove diſguis'd in her;
But, when ſhe ſaw the ſiſter nymphs, ſuppreſt
Her riſing fears, and mingled with the reſt.
How in the look does conſcious guilt appear!
Slowly ſhe mov'd, and loiter'd in the rear;
Nor lightly tripp'd, nor by the goddeſs ran,
As once ſhe us'd, the foremoſt of the train.
Her looks were fluſh'd, and ſullen was her mien,
That ſure the virgin goddeſs (had ſhe been
Aught but a virgin) muſt the guilt have ſeen.
'Tis ſaid the nymphs ſaw all, and gueſs'd aright:
And now the moon had nine times loſt her light,
When Dian, fainting in the mid-day beams,
Found a cool covert, and refreſhing ſtreams,
That in ſoft murmurs through the foreſt flow'd,
And a ſmooth bed of ſhining gravel ſhow'd.

A covert ſo obſcure, and ſtreams ſo clear,
The goddeſs prais'd: 'And now no ſpies are near,
'Let's ſtrip, my gentle maids, and waſh, ſhe cries.'
Pleas'd with the motion, every maid complies;
Only the bluſhing huntreſs ſtood confus'd,
And form'd delays, and her delays excus'd;
In vain excus'd: Her fellows round her preſs'd,
And the reluctant nymph by force undreſs'd.
The naked huntreſs all her ſhame reveal'd,
In vain her hands the pregnant womb conceal'd;
'Begone!' the goddeſs cries with ſtern diſdain,
'Begone! nor dare the hallow'd ſtream to ſtain:'
She fled, for ever baniſh'd from the train.
This Juno heard, who long had watch'd her time
To puniſh the deteſted rival's crime;
The time was come: For, to enrage her more,
A lovely boy the teeming rival bore.
The goddeſs caſt a furious look, and cry'd,
'It is enough! I'm fully ſatisfy'd!
'This boy ſhall ſtand a living mark, to prove
'My huſband's baſeneſs, and the ſtrumpet's love:
'But vengeance ſhall awake: Thoſe guilty charms,
'That drew the thunderer from Juno's arms,
'No longer ſhall their wonted force retain,
'Nor pleaſe the god, nor make the mortal vain.'
This ſaid, her hand within her hair ſhe wound,
Swung her to earth, and dragg'd her on the ground:
The proſtrate wretch lifts up her arms in prayer;
Her arms grow ſhaggy, and deform'd with hair,
Her nails are ſharpen'd into pointed claws,
Her hands bear half her weight, and turn to paws;

Her lips, that once could tempt a god, begin
To grow diſtorted in an ugly grin.
And, leſt the ſupplicating brute might reach
The ears of Jove, ſhe was depriv'd of ſpeech:
Her ſurly voice thro' a hoarſe paſſage came
In ſavage ſounds: Her mind was ſtill the ſame.
The furry monſter fix'd her eyes above,
And heav'd her new unwieldy paws to Jove,
And begg'd his aid with inward groans; and tho'
She could not call him falſe, ſhe thought him ſo.
How did ſhe fear to lodge in woods alone,
And haunt the fields and meadows once her own!
How often would the deep-mouth'd dogs purſue,
Whilſt from her hounds the frighted huntreſs flew!
How did ſhe fear her fellow-brutes, and ſhun
The ſhaggy bear, though now herſelf was one!
How from the ſight of rugged wolves retire,
Although the grim Lycaon was her ſire!
But now her ſon had fifteen ſummers told,
Fierce at the chaſe, and in the foreſt bold;
When, as he beat the woods in queſt of prey,
He chanc'd to raiſe his mother where ſhe lay;
She knew her ſon, and kept him in her ſight,
And fondly gaz'd: The boy was in a fright,
And aim'd a pointed arrow at her breaſt,
And would have ſlain his mother in the beaſt;
But Jove forbad, and ſnatch'd them through the air
In whirlwinds up to heaven, and fix'd them there,
Where the new conſtellations nightly riſe,
And add a luſtre to the northern ſkies.
When Juno ſaw the rival in her height,
Spangled with ſtars, and circled round with light,

She ſought old Ocean in his deep abodes,
And Tethys; both rever'd among the gods.
They aſk what brings her there: 'Ne'er aſk,' ſays ſhe,
'What brings me here, heaven is no place for me.
'You'll ſee when night has cover'd all things o'er,
'Jove's ſtarry baſtard and triumphant whore
'Uſurp the heavens; you'll ſee them proudly roll
'In their new orbs, and brighten all the pole.
'And who ſhall now on Juno's altars wait,
'When thoſe ſhe hates grow greater by her hate?
'I on the nymph a brutal form impreſs'd,
'Jove to a goddeſs has transform'd the beaſt;
'This, this was all my weak revenge could do:
'But let the god his chaſte amours purſue,
'And, as he acted after Io's rape,
'Reſtore th' adult'reſs to her former ſhape;
'Then may he caſt his Juno off, and lead
'The great Lycaon's offspring to his bed.
'But you, ye venerable powers, be kind,
'And, if my wrongs a due reſentment find,
'Receive not in your waves their ſetting beams,
'Nor let the glaring ſtrumpet taint your ſtreams.'
The goddeſs ended, and her wiſh was given;
Back ſhe return'd in triumph up to heaven:
Her gaudy peacocks drew her through the ſkies,
Their tails were ſpotted with a thouſand eyes;
The eyes of Argus on their tails were rang'd,
At the ſame time the raven's colour chang'd.

The Story of CORONIS, and Birth of ÆSCULAPIUS.

THE raven once in ſnowy plumes was dreſt,
White as the whiteſt dove's unſully'd breaſt,
Fair as the guardian of the capitol,
Soft as the ſwan, a large and lovely fowl;
His tongue, his prating tongue had chang'd him quite
To ſooty blackneſs from the pureſt white.
The ſtory of his change ſhall here be told;
In Theſſaly there liv'd a nymph of old,
Coronis nam'd; a peerleſs maid ſhe ſhin'd,
Confeſt the faireſt of the fairer kind.
Apollo lov'd her, till her guilt he knew,
While true ſhe was, or while he thought her true.
But his own bird the raven chanc'd to find
The falſe one with a ſecret rival join'd.
Coronis begg'd him to ſuppreſs the tale,
But could not with repeated prayers prevail.
His milk-white pinions to the god he ply'd:
The buſy daw flew with him, ſide by ſide,
And by a thouſand teazing queſtions drew
Th' important ſecret from him as they flew.
The daw gave honeſt counſel, though deſpis'd,
And, tedious in her tattle, thus adviſ'd.
'Stay, ſilly bird, th' ill-natur'd taſk refuſe,
'Nor be the bearer of unwelcome news.
'Be warn'd by my example: You diſcern
'What now I am, and what I was ſhall learn.

'My fooliſh honeſty was all my crime;
'Then hear my ſtory. Once upon a time,
'The two-ſhap'd Erichthonius had his birth
'(Without a mother) from the teeming earth;
'Minerva nurs'd him, and the infant laid
'Within a cheſt, of twining oſiers made.
'The daughters of king Cecrops undertook
'To guard the cheſt, commanded not to look
'On what was hid within. I ſtood to ſee
'The charge obey'd, perch'd on a neighb'ring tree:
'The ſiſters Pandroſos and Herſe keep
'The ſtrict command; Aglauros needs would peep,
'And ſaw the monſtrous infant in a fright,
'And call'd her ſiſters to the hideous ſight;
'A boy's ſoft ſhape did to the waiſt prevail,
'But the boy ended in a dragon's tail.
'I told the ſtern Minerva all that paſs'd,
'But for my pains diſcarded and diſgrac'd,
'The frowning goddeſs drove me from her ſight,
'And for her favourite choſe the bird of night.
'Be then no tell-tale; for I think my wrong
'Enough to teach a bird to hold her tongue.
'But you, perhaps, may think I was remov'd,
'As never by the heavenly maid belov'd:
'But I was lov'd; aſk Pallas if I lye;
'Though Pallas hate me now, ſhe won't deny:
'For I whom in a feather'd ſhape you view,
'Was once a maid (by heaven the ſtory's true)
'A blooming maid, and a king's daughter too.
'A croud of lovers own'd my beauty's charms;
'My beauty was the cauſe of all my harms;

'Neptune, as on his ſhores I went to rove,
'Obſerv'd me in my walks, and fell in love.
'He made his courtſhip, he confeſs'd his pain,
'And offer'd force when all his arts were vain;
'Swift he purſu'd: I ran along the ſtrand,
'Till, ſpent and weary'd on the ſinking ſand,
'I ſhriek'd aloud, with cries I fill'd the air;
'To gods and men; nor god nor man was there:
'A virgin goddeſs heard a virgin's prayer.
'For, as my arms I lifted to the ſkies,
'I ſaw black feathers from my fingers riſe;
'I ſtrove to fling my garment on the ground;
'My garment turn'd to plumes, and girt me round:
'My hands to beat my naked boſom try;
'Nor naked boſom now nor hands had I.
'Lightly I tript, nor weary as before
'Sunk in the ſand but ſkim'd along the ſhore;
'Till, riſing on my wings, I was preferr'd
'To be the chaſte Minerva's virgin bird:
'Prefer'd in vain! I now am in diſgrace:
'Nyctimene the Owl enjoys my place.
'On her inceſtuous life I need not dwell,
'(In Leſbos ſtill the horrid tale they tell)
'And of her dire amours you muſt have heard,
'For which ſhe now does penance in a bird,
'That conſcious of her ſhame, avoids the light,
'And loves the gloomy cov'ring of the night;
'The birds, where-e'er ſhe flutters, ſcare away
'The hooting wretch, and drive her from the day.'
The Raven, urg'd by ſuch impertinence,
Grew paſſionate, it ſeems, and took offence,

And curs'd the harmleſs daw ; the daw withdrew :
The raven to her injur'd patron flew,
And found him out, and told the fatal truth
Of falſe Coronis and the favour'd youth.
The god was wroth ; the colour left his look,
The wreath his head, the harp his hand forſook :
His ſilver bow and feather'd ſhafts he took,
And lodg'd an arrow in the tender breaſt,
That had ſo often to his own been preſt.
Down fell the wounded nymph, and ſadly groan'd,
And pull'd his arrow reeking from the wound;
And, welt'ring in her blood, thus faintly cry'd,
'Ah, cruel god! though I have juſtly dy'd,
'What has, alas! my unborn infant done,
'That he ſhould fall, and two expire in one?'
This ſaid, in agonies ſhe fetch'd her breath.
The god diſſolves in pity at her death;
He hates the bird that made her falſehood known,
And hates himſelf for what himſelf had done;
The feather'd ſhaft, that ſent her to the fates,
And his own hand, that ſent the ſhaft, he hates.
Fain would he heal the wound, and eaſe her pain,
And tries the compaſs of his art in vain.
Soon as he ſaw the lovely nymph expire,
The pile made ready, and the kindling fire,
With ſighs and groans her obſequies he kept,
And, if a god could weep, the god had wept.
Her corpſe he kiſs'd, and heav'nly incenſe brought,
And ſolemniz'd the death himſelf had wrought.
But, leſt his offspring ſhould her fate partake,
Spite of th' immortal mixture in his make,

He ript her womb, and ſet the child at large,
And gave him to the centaur Chiron's charge;
Then in his fury black'd the raven o'er,
And bid him prate in his white plumes no more.

OCYRRHOE transformed to a Mare.

OLD CHIRON took the babe with ſecret joy,
Proud of the charge of the celeſtial boy.
His daughter too, whom on the ſandy ſhore
The nymph Chariclo to the centaur bore,
With hair diſhevel'd on her ſhoulders came
To ſee the child, Ocyrrhoe was her name;
She knew her father's arts, and could rehearſe
The depths of prophecy in ſounding verſe.
Once, as the ſacred infant ſhe ſurvey'd,
The god was kindled in the raving maid,
And thus ſhe utter'd her prophetic tale;
'Hail, great phyſician of the world, all hail;
'Hail, mighty infant, who in years to come
'Shalt heal the nations, and defraud the tomb;
'Swift be thy growth! thy triumphs unconfin'd!
'Make kingdoms thicker, and increaſe mankind.
'Thy daring art ſhall animate the dead,
'And draw the thunder on thy guilty head:
'Then ſhalt thou die; but from the dark abode
'Riſe up victorious, and be twice a god.
'And thou, my ſire, not deſtin'd by thy birth
'To turn to duſt, and mix with common earth,
'How wilt thou toſs, and rave, and long to die,
'And quit thy claim to immortality!

'When thou ſhalt feel, enrag'd with inward pains,
'The Hydra's venom rankling in thy veins!
'The gods, in pity, ſhall contract thy date,
'And give thee over to the pow'r of fate.'
Thus, entering into deſtiny, the maid
The ſecrets of offending Jove betray'd:
More had ſhe ſtill to ſay; but now appears
Oppreſs'd with ſobs and ſighs, and drown'd in tears.
'My voice,' ſays ſhe, 'is gone, my language fails;
'Through every limb my kindred ſhape prevails:
'Why did the god this fatal gift impart,
'And with prophetic raptures ſwell my heart!
'What new deſires are theſe? I long to pace
'O'er flow'ry meadows, and to feed on graſs;
'I haſten to a brute, a maid no more;
'But why, alas! am I transform'd all o'er?
'My ſire does half a human ſhape retain,
'And in his upper parts preſerves the man.'
Her tongue no more diſtinct complaints affords,
But in ſhrill accents, and miſ-ſhapen words
Pours forth ſuch hideous wailings, as declare
The human form confounded in the mare,
Till by degrees accompliſh'd in the beaſt,
She neigh'd out-right, and all the ſteed expreſt.
Her ſtooping body on her hands is born,
Her hands are turn'd to hoofs, and ſhod in horn;
Her yellow treſſes ruffle in a mane,
And in a flowing tail ſhe friſks her train.
The mare was finiſh'd in her voice and look,
And a new name from the new figure took.

The Transformation of BATTUS to a Touch ſtone.

SORE wept the centaur, and to Phoebus pray'd;
But how could Phoebus give the centaur aid?
Degraded of his pow'r by angry Jove,
In Elis then a herd of beeves he drove;
And wielded in his hand a ſtaff of oak,
And o'er his ſhoulders threw the ſhepherd's cloak;
On ſeven compacted reeds he us'd to play,
And on his rural pipe to waſte the day.
As once, attentive to his pipe he play'd,
The crafty Hermes from the god convey'd
A drove, that ſep'rate from their fellows ſtray'd.
The theft an old inſidious peaſant view'd;
(They call'd him Battus in the neighbourhood)
Hir'd by a wealthy Pylian prince, to feed
His fav'rite mares, and watch the gen'rous breed.
The thieviſh god ſuſpected him, and took
The hind aſide, and thus in whiſpers ſpoke;
'Diſcover not the theft, whoe'er thou be,
'And take that milk-white heifer for thy fee.'
'Go, ſtranger,' cries the clown, 'ſecurely on,
'That ſtone ſhall ſooner tell;' and ſhow'd a ſtone.
The god withdrew, but ſtrait return'd again,
In ſpeech and habit like a country-ſwain;
And cries out, 'Neighbour, haſt thou ſeen a ſtray
'Of bullocks and of heifers paſs this way?
'In the recovery of my cattle join,
'A bullock and a heifer ſhall be thine.'

The peaſant quick replies, ‘ You'll find them there
‘ In yon dark vale: And in the vale they were.’
The double bribe had his falſe heart beguil'd:
The god, ſucceſsful in the trial, ſmil'd;
‘ And doſt thou thus betray myſelf to me?
‘ Me to myſelf doſt thou betray?’ ſays he:
Then to a touch-ſtone turns the faithleſs ſpy,
And in his name records his infamy.

The Story of AGLAUROS transformed into a Statue.

THIS done, the god flew up on high, and paſs'd
O'er lofty Athens, by Minerva grac'd,
And wide Munichia, whilſt his eyes ſurvey
All the vaſt region that beneath him lay.
'Twas now the feaſt when each Athenian maid
Her yearly homage to Minerva paid;
In caniſters, with garlands cover'd o'er,
High on their heads their myſtic gifts they bore:
And now, returning in a ſolemn train,
The troop of ſhining virgins fill'd the plain.
The god well-pleas'd beheld the pompous ſhow,
And ſaw the bright proceſſion paſs below;
Then veer'd about, and took a wheeling flight,
And hover'd o'er them: As the ſpreading kite,
That ſmells the ſlaughter'd victim from on high,
Flies at a diſtance, if the prieſts are nigh,
And ſails around, and keeps it in her eye;
So kept the god the virgin choir in view,
And in ſlow winding circles round them flew.

As Lucifer excels the meaneſt ſtar,
Or, as the full-orb'd Phoebe Lucifer;
So much did Herſe all the reſt outvy,
And gave a grace to the ſolemnity.
Hermes was fir'd, as in the clouds he hung:
So the cold bullet, that with fury ſlung
From Balearic engines mounts on high,
Glows in the whirl, and burns along the ſky.
At length he pitch'd upon the ground, and ſhow'd
The form divine, the features of a god.
He knew their virtue o'er a female heart,
And yet he ſtrives to better them by art.
He hangs his mantle looſe, and ſets to ſhow
The golden edging on the ſeam below;
Adjuſts his flowing curls, and in his hand
Waves, with an air, the ſleep-procuring wand;
The glitt'ring ſandals to his feet applies,
And to each heel the well-trim'd pinion ties.
His ornaments with niceſt art diſplay'd,
He ſeeks th' apartment of the royal maid.
The roof was all with poliſh'd ivory lin'd,
That, richly mix'd, in clouds of tortoiſe ſhin'd,
Three rooms, contiguous, in a range were plac'd,
The midmoſt by the beauteous Herſe grac'd;
Her virgin ſiſters lodg'd on either ſide.
Aglauros firſt th' approaching god deſcry'd,
And, as he croſs'd her chamber, aſk'd his name,
And what his buſineſs was, and whence he came.
'I come,' reply'd the god, 'from heav'n, to woo
'Your ſiſter, and to make an aunt of you;
'I am the ſon and meſſenger of Jove.
'My name is Mercury, my bus'neſs love;

'Do you, kind damſel, take a lover's part,
'And gain admittance to your ſiſter's heart.'
She ſtar'd him in the face with looks amaz'd,
As when ſhe on Minerva's ſecret gaz'd,
And aſk'd a mighty treaſure for her hire,
And, till he brings it, makes the god retire.
Minerva griev'd to ſee the nymph ſucceed;
And now rememb'ring the late impious deed,
When diſobedient to her ſtrict command,
She touch'd the cheſt with an unhallow'd hand;
In big-ſwoln ſighs her inward rage expreſs'd,
That heav'd the riſing Ægis on her breaſt:
Then ſought out Envy in her dark abode,
Defil'd with ropy gore and clots of blood:
Shut from the winds, and from the wholſome ſkies,
In a deep vale the gloomy dungeon lies,
Diſmal and cold, where not a beam of light
Invades the winter, or diſturbs the night.
Directly to the cave her courſe ſhe ſteer'd
Againſt the gates her martial lance ſhe rear'd;
The gates flew open, and the fiend appear'd.
A pois'nous morſel in her teeth ſhe chew'd
And gor'd the fleſh of vipers for her food.
Minerva, loathing, turn'd away her eye;
The hideous monſter, riſing heavily,
Came ſtalking forward with a ſullen pace,
And left her mangled offals on the place.
Soon as ſhe ſaw the goddeſs gay and bright,
She fetch'd a groan at ſuch a chearful ſight.
Livid and meager were her looks, her eye
In foul diſtorted glances turn'd awry;

A hoard of gall her inward parts poſſeſs'd,
And ſpread a greenneſs o'er her canker'd breaſt;
Her teeth were brown with ruſt; and from her tongue
In dangling drops, the ſtringy poiſon hung.
She never ſmiles but when the wretched weep,
Nor lulls her malice with a moment's ſleep,
Reſtleſs in ſpite: While watchful to deſtroy,
She pines and ſickens at another's joy;
Foe to herſelf, diſtreſſing and diſtreſt,
She bears her own tormentor in her breaſt.
The goddeſs gave (for ſhe abhorr'd her ſight)
A ſhort command: 'To Athens ſpeed thy flight:
'On curſt Aglauros try thy utmoſt art,
'And fix thy rankeſt venoms in her heart.'
This ſaid, her ſpear ſhe puſh'd againſt the ground,
And mounting from it with an active bound,
Flew off to heaven: The hag with eyes aſkew
Look'd up, and mutter'd curſes as ſhe flew;
For ſore ſhe fretted, and began to grieve
At the ſucceſs which ſhe herſelf muſt give.
Then takes her ſtaff, hung round with wreaths of thorn,
And ſails along, in a black whirlwind borne,
O'er fields and flowery meadows: Where ſhe ſteers
Her baneful courſe, a mighty blaſt appears,
Mildews and blights; the meadows are defac'd,
The fields, the flowers, and the whole year laid waſte;
On mortals next, and peopled towns ſhe falls,
And breathes a burning plague among their walls.
When Athens ſhe beheld, for arts renoun'd,
With peace made happy, and with plenty crown'd,
Scarce could the hideous fiend from tears forbear,
To find out nothing that deſerv'd a tear.

Th' apartment now ſhe enter'd, where at reſt,
Aglauros lay, with gentle ſleep oppreſt.
To execute Minerva's dire command,
She ſtroak'd the virgin with her canker'd hand,
Then prickly thorns into her breaſt convey'd,
That ſtung to madneſs the devoted maid:
Her ſubtle venom ſtill improves the ſmart,
Frets in the blood, and feſters in the heart.
To make the work more ſure, a ſcene ſhe drew,
And plac'd before the dreaming virgin's view
Her ſiſter's marriage, and her glorious fate:
Th' imaginary bride appears in ſtate:
The bridegroom with unwonted beauty glows;
For Envy magnifies whate'er ſhe ſhows.
Full of the dream, Aglauros pin'd away
In tears all night, in darkneſs all the day;
Conſum'd like ice, that juſt begins to run,
When feebly ſmitten by the diſtant ſun;
Or like unwholſome weeds, that ſet on fire
Are ſlowly waſted, and in ſmoke expire.
Given up to envy (for in every thought
The thorns, the venom, and the viſion wrought)
Oft did ſhe call on death, as oft, decreed,
Rather than ſee her ſiſter's wiſh ſucceed,
To tell her awful father what had paſt:
At length before the door herſelf ſhe caſt;
And ſitting on the ground with ſullen pride,
A paſſage to the love-ſick god deny'd.
The god carreſs'd, and for admiſſion pray'd,
And ſooth'd in ſofteſt words th' envenom'd maid,
In vain he ſooth'd: 'Begone! the maid replies,
'Or here I keep my ſeat, and never riſe.'

'Then keep thy ſeat for ever, cries the god,'
And touch'd the door, wide opening to his rod.
Fain would ſhe riſe, and ſtop him, but ſhe found
Her trunk too heavy to forſake the ground;
Her joints are all benumb'd, her hands are pale,
And marble now appears in every nail.
As when a cancer in the body feeds,
And gradual death from limb to limb proceeds;
So does the chilneſs to each vital part
Spread by degrees, and creeps into her heart;
'Tis hard'ning every where, and ſpeechleſs grown,
She ſits unmov'd, and freezes to a ſtone;
But ſtill her envious hue and ſullen mien
Are in the ſedentary figure ſeen.

EUROPA's Rape.

WHEN now the god his fury had allay'd,
And taken vengeance of the ſtubborn maid,
From where the bright Athenian turrets riſe
He mounts aloft, and re-aſcends the ſkies.
Jove ſaw him enter the ſublime abodes,
And, as he mix'd among the croud of gods,
Beckon'd him out, and drew him from the reſt,
And in ſoft whiſpers thus his will expreſt.
'My truſty Hermes, by whoſe ready aid
'Thy ſire's commands are thro' the world convey'd,
'Reſume thy wings, exert their utmoſt force,
'And to the walls of Sidon ſpeed thy courſe;
'There find a herd of heifers wand'ring o'er
'The neighbouring hill, and drive them to the ſhore.'

'Thus ſpoke the god, concealing his intent:
The truſty Hermes on his meſſage went,
And found the herd of heifers wand'ring o'er
A neighbouring hill, and drove them to the ſhore;
Where the king's daughter, with a lovely train
Of fellow-nymphs, were ſporting on the plain.
The dignity of empire laid aſide,
(For love but ill agrees with kingly pride.)
The ruler of the ſkies, the thund'ring god,
Who ſhakes the world's foundations with a nod,
Among a herd of lowing heifers ran,
Friſk'd in a bull, and bellow'd o'er the plain.
Large rolls of fat about his ſhoulders clung,
And from his neck the double dewlap hung.
His ſkin was whiter than the ſnow that lies
Unſully'd by the breath of ſouth'ren ſkies:
Small ſhining horns on his curl'd forehead ſtand,
As turn'd and poliſh'd by the workman's hand:
His eye-balls roll'd, not formidably bright,
But gaz'd and languiſh'd with a gentle light.
His every look was peaceful, and expreſt
The ſoftneſs of the lover in the beaſt.
Agenor's royal daughter, as ſhe play'd
Among the fields, the milk-white Bull ſurvey'd,
And view'd the ſpotleſs body with delight,
And at a diſtance kept him in her ſight.
At length ſhe pluck't the riſing flowers, and fed
The gentle beaſt, and fondly ſtroak'd his head.
He ſtood well pleas'd to touch the charming fair,
But hardly could confine his pleaſure there.
And now he wantons o'er the neigh'bring ſtrand,
Now rolls his body on the yellow ſand;

And now, perceiving all her fears decay'd,
Comes toſſing forward to the royal maid;
Gives her his breaſt to ſtroak, and downward turns
His griſly brow, and gently ſtops his horns.
In flowery wreaths the royal virgin dreſt
His bending horns, and kindly clap'd his breaſt.
'Till now grown wanton, and devoid of fear,
Not knowing that ſhe preſs'd the thunderer,
She plac'd herſelf upon his back, and rode
O'er fields and meadows, ſeated on the god.
He gently march'd along, and by degrees
Left the dry meadow, and approach'd the ſeas;
Where now he dips his hoofs, and wets his thighs,
Now plunges in, and carries off the prize.
The frighted nymph looks backward on the ſhore,
And hears the trembling billows round her roar;
But ſtill ſhe holds him faſt: One hand is born
Upon his back; the other graſps a horn:
Her train of ruffling garments flies behind,
Swells in the air, and hovers in the wind.
Through ſtorms and tempeſts he the virgin bore,
And lands her ſafe on the Dictean ſhore;
Where now, in his divineſt form array'd,
In his true ſhape he captivates the maid;
Who gazes on him, and with wondering eyes
Beholds the new majeſtic figure riſe,
His glowing features, and celeſtial light,
And all the god diſcover'd to her ſight.

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK III.

The Story of CADMUS.

WHEN now Agenor had his daughter loſt,
He ſent his ſon to ſearch on every coaſt;
And ſternly bid him to his arms reſtore
The darling maid, or ſee his face no more,
But live an exile in a foreign clime;
Thus was the father pious to a crime.
The reſtleſs youth ſearch'd all the world around;
But how can Jove in his amours be found?
When tir'd at length with unſucceſsful toil,
To ſhun his angry ſire and native ſoil,
He goes a ſuppliant to the Delphic dome,
There aſks the god what new appointed home
Should end his wand'rings, and his toils relieve.
The Delphic oracles this anſwer give.
'Behold among the fields a lonely cow,
'Unworn with yokes, unbroken to the plow;
'Mark well the place where firſt ſhe lays her down,
'There meaſure out thy walls, and build thy town,

'And from thy guide Baeotia call the land,
'In which the deſtin'd walls and town ſhall ſtand.'
No ſooner had he left the dark abode,
Big with the promiſe of the Delphic god,
When in the fields the fatal cow he view'd,
Nor gall'd with yokes nor worn with ſervitude:
Her gently at a diſtance he purſu'd;
And as he walk'd aloof, in ſilence pray'd
To the great power whoſe councils he obey'd.
Her way through flowery Panope ſhe took,
And now, Cephiſus, croſs'd thy ſilver brook;
When to the heavens her ſpacious front ſhe rais'd,
And bellow'd thrice, then backward turning gaz'd
On thoſe behind, 'till on the deſtin'd place
She ſtoop'd and couch'd amid the riſing graſs.
Cadmus ſalutes the ſoil, and gladly hails
The new-found mountains, and the nameleſs vales,
And thanks the gods, and turns about his eye
To ſee his new dominions round him lie;
Then ſends his ſervants to a neighbouring grove
For living ſtreams, a ſacrifice to Jove.
O'er the wide plain there roſe a ſhady wood
Of aged trees; in its dark boſom ſtood
A buſhy thicket, pathleſs and unworn,
O'er-run with brambles, and perplex'd with thorn:
Amidſt the brake a hollow den was found,
With rocks and ſhelving arches vaulted round.
Deep in the dreary den, conceal'd from day,
Sacred to Mars, a mighty dragon lay,
Bloated with poiſon to a monſtrous ſize;
Fire broke in flaſhes when he glanc'd his eyes:
His towering creſt was glorious to behold,
His ſhoulders and his ſides were ſcal'd with gold;

Three tongues he brandiſh'd when he charg'd his foes;
His teeth ſtood jaggy in three dreadful rows.
The Tyrians in the den for water ſought,
And with their urns explor'd the hollow vault:
From ſide to ſide their empty urns rebound,
And rouſe the ſleepy ſerpent with the ſound.
Strait he beſtirs him, and is ſeen to riſe;
And now with dreadful hiſſings fills the ſkies,
And darts his forky tongues, and rolls his glaring eyes.
The Tyrians drop their veſſels in the fright,
All pale and trembling at the hideous ſight.
Spire above ſpire uprear'd in air he ſtood,
And gazing round him, overlook'd the wood:
Then floating on the ground, in circles roll'd;
Then leap'd upon them in a mighty fold.
Of ſuch a bulk, and ſuch a monſtrous ſize,
The ſerpent in the polar circle lies,
That ſtretches over half the northern ſkies.
In vain the Tyrians on their arms rely,
In vain attempt to fight, in vain to fly:
All their endeavours and their hopes are vain;
Some die entangled in the winding train;
Some are devour'd; or feel a loathſome death,
Swoln up with blaſts of peſtilential breath.
And now the ſcorching ſun was mounted high,
In all its luſtre, to the noon-day ſky;
When, anxious for his friends, and fill'd with cares,
To ſearch the woods th' impatient chief prepares.
A lion's hide around his loins he wore,
The well-pois'd jav'lin to the field he bore

Inur'd to blood; the far-deſtroying dart,
And, the beſt weapon, an undaunted heart.
Soon as the youth approach'd the fatal place,
He ſaw his ſervants breathleſs on the graſs;
The ſcaly foe amid their corps he view'd,
Baſking at eaſe, and feaſting on their blood.
'Such friends, he cries, deſerv'd a longer date;
'But Cadmus will revenge, or ſhare their fate.'
Then heav'd a ſtone, and riſing to the throw,
He ſent it in a whirlwind at the foe;
A tower, aſſaulted by ſo rude a ſtroke,
With all its lofty battlements had ſhook;
But nothing here the unwieldy rock avails,
Rebounding harmleſs from the plaited ſcales,
That, firmly join'd, preſerv'd him from a wound,
With native armour cruſted all around.
The pointed jav'lin more ſucceſsful flew,
Which at his back the raging warrior threw;
Amid the plaited ſcales it took its courſe,
And in the ſpinal marrow ſpent its force.
The monſter hiſs'd aloud, and rag'd in vain,
And writh'd his body to and fro with pain;
And bit the ſpear, and wrench'd the wood away:
The point ſtill buried in the marrow lay.
And now his rage, increaſing with his pain,
Reddens his eyes, and beats in every vein:
Churn'd in his teeth the foamy venom roſe,
Whilſt in his mouth a blaſt of vapours flows,
Such as the infernal Stygian waters caſt;
The plants around them wither in the blaſt.
Now in a maze of rings he lies enroll'd,
Now all unravel'd, and without a fold;

Now, like a torrent, with a mighty force
Bears down the foreſt in his boiſtrous courſe.
Cadmus gave back, and on the lion's ſpoil
Suſtain'd the ſhock, then forc'd him to recoil;
The pointed jav'lin warded off his rage:
Mad with his pains, and furious to engage,
The ſerpent champs the ſteel, and bites the ſpear,
'Till blood and venom all the point beſmear.
But ſtill the hurt he yet receiv'd was ſlight;
For, whilſt the champion with redoubled might
Strikes home the jav'lin, his retiring foe
Shrinks from the wound, and diſappoints the blow.
The dauntleſs hero ſtill purſues his ſtroke,
And preſſes forward, till a knotty oak
Retards his foe, and ſtops him in the rear;
Full in his throat he plung'd the fatal ſpear,
That in the extended neck a paſſage found,
And pierc'd the ſolid timber through the wound.
Fix'd to the reeling trunk, with many a ſtroke
Of his huge tail, he laſh'd the ſturdy oak;
'Till ſpent with toil, and labouring hard for breath,
He now lay twiſting in the pangs of death.
Cadmus beheld him wallow in a flood
Of ſwimming poiſon, intermix'd with blood;
When ſuddenly a ſpeech was heard from high,
(The ſpeech was heard, nor was the ſpeaker nigh)
'Why doſt thou thus with ſecret pleaſure ſee,
'Inſulting man! what thou thyſelf ſhalt be?'
Aſtoniſh'd at the voice, he ſtood amaz'd,
And all around with inward horror gaz'd:
When Pallas ſwift deſcending from the ſkies,
Pallas the guardian of the bold and wiſe,

Bids him plow up the field, and ſcatter round
The dragon's teeth o'er all the furrow'd ground;
Then tells the youth how to his wondering eyes
Embattled armies from the field ſhould riſe.
He ſows the teeth at Pallas's command,
And flings the future people from his hand.
The clods grow warm, and crumble where he ſows;
And now the pointed ſpears advance in rows;
Now nodding plumes appear, and ſhining creſts,
Now the broad ſhoulders and the riſing breaſts;
O'er all the field the breathing harveſt ſwarms,
A growing hoſt, a crop of men and arms.
So through the parting ſtage a figure rears
Its body up, and limb by limb appears
By juſt degrees; 'till all the man ariſe,
And in his full proportion ſtrikes the eyes.
Cadmus ſurpriz'd, and ſtartled at the ſight
Of his new foes, prepar'd himſelf for fight:
When one cry'd out, 'Forbear, fond man, forbear
'To mingle in a blind promiſcuous war.'
Thus ſaid, he ſtruck his brother to the ground,
Himſelf expiring by another's wound;
Nor did the third his conqueſt long ſurvive,
Dying ere ſcarce he had begun to live.
The dire example ran through all the field,
'Till heaps of brothers were by brothers kill'd;
The furrows ſwam in blood: And only five
Of all the vaſt increaſe were left alive.
Echion one, at Pallas's command,
Let fall the guiltleſs weapon from his hand;
And with the reſt a peaceful treaty makes,
Whom Cadmus as his friends and partners takes:

So founds a city on the promis'd earth,
And gives his new Baeotian empire birth. [gueſs'd
Here Cadmus reign'd; and now one would have
The royal founder in his exile bleſs'd:
Long did he live within his new abodes,
Allay'd by marriage to the deathleſs gods:
And, in a fruitful wife's embraces old,
A long increaſe of childrens children told:
But no frail man, however great or high,
Can be concluded bleſt before he die.
Actaeon was the firſt of all his race,
Who griev'd his grandſire in his borrow'd face;
Condemn'd by ſtern Diana to bemoan
The branching horns, and viſage not his own;
To ſhun his once-lov'd dogs, to bound away,
And from their huntſman to become their prey.
And yet conſider why the change was wrought,
You'll find it his misfortune, not his fault;
Or if a fault, it was the fault of chance:
For how can guilt proceed from ignorance?

The Transformation of Actæon into a Stag.

IN a fair chace a ſhady mountain ſtood,
Well ſtor'd with game, and mark'd with trails of blood.
Here did the huntſmen, till the heat of day,
Purſue the ſtag, and load themſelves with prey;
When thus Actaeon, calling to the reſt:
'My friends, ſays he, our ſport is at the beſt.
'The ſun is high advanc'd, and downward ſhades
'His burning beams directly on our heads;

'Then by conſent abſtain from further ſpoils,
'Call off the dogs, and gather up the toils;
'And ere to-morrow's ſun begins his race,
'Take the cool morning to renew the chace.'
They all conſent, and in a chearful train
The jolly huntſmen, loaden with the ſlain,
Return in triumph from the ſultry plain.

Down in a vale with pine and cypreſs clad,
Refreſh'd with gentle winds, and brown with ſhade,
The chaſte Diana's private haunt, there ſtood
Full in the centre of the darkſome wood
A ſpacious grotto, all around o'ergrown
With hoary moſs, and arch'd with pumice-ſtone.
From out its rocky cliffs the waters flow,
And, trickling, ſwell into a lake below.
Nature had every where ſo play'd her part,
That every where ſhe ſeem'd to vie with art.
Here the bright goddeſs, toil'd and chaf'd with heat,
Was wont to bathe her in the cool retreat.

Here did ſhe now, with all her train reſort,
Panting with heat, and breathleſs from the ſport;
Her armour-bearer laid her bow aſide,
Some loos'd her ſandals, ſome her veil unty'd;
Each buſy nymph her proper part undreſt,
While Crocale, more handy than the reſt,
Gather'd her flowing hair, and in a nooſe
Bound it together, whilſt her own hung looſe.
Five of the more ignoble ſort by turns
Fetch up the water, and unlade their urns.

Now all undreſt the ſhining goddeſs ſtood,
When young Actæon, wilder'd in the wood,

To the cool grott by his hard fate betray'd,
The fountains fill'd with naked nymphs ſurvey'd.
The frighted virgins ſhriek'd at the ſurprize,
(The foreſt echo'd with their piercing cries.)
Then in a huddle round their goddeſs preſt:
She proudly eminent above the reſt,
With bluſhes glow'd; ſuch bluſhes as adorn
The ruddy welkin, or the purple morn;
And though the crouded nymphs her body hide,
Half backward ſhrunk, and view'd him from aſide
Surpriz'd; at firſt ſhe would have ſnatch'd her bow,
But ſees the circling waters round her flow:
Theſe in the hollow of her hand ſhe took,
And daſh'd them in his face, while thus ſhe ſpoke:
'Tell, if thou can'ſt, the wond'rous ſight diſclos'd;
'A goddeſs naked to thy view expos'd.'
This ſaid, the man begun to diſappear
By ſlow degrees, and ended in a deer;
A riſing horn on either brow he wears,
And ſtretches out his neck, and pricks his ears;
Rough is his ſkin, with ſudden hairs o'ergrown,
His boſom pants with fears before unknown.
Transform'd at length, he flies away in haſte,
And wonders why he flies away ſo faſt.
But as by chance, within a neighbouring brook,
He ſaw his branching horns and alter'd look,
Wretched Actaeon! in a doleful tone
He try'd to ſpeak, but only gave a groan;
And as he wept, within the wat'ry glaſs,
He ſaw the big round drops with ſilent pace,
Run trickling down a ſavage hairy face.

What ſhould he do? Or ſeek his old abodes,
Or herd among the deer, and ſkulk in woods?
Here ſhame diſſuades him, there his fear prevails,
And each by turns his aching heart aſſails.
As he thus ponders, he behind him ſpies
His opening hounds, and now he hears their cries;
A generous pack, or to maintain the chace,
Or ſnuff the vapour from the ſcented graſs.
He bounded off with fear, and ſwiftly ran
O'er craggy mountains, and the flow'ry plain;
Thro' brakes and thickets forc'd his way, and flew
Through many a ring, where once he did purſue,
In vain he oft endeavour'd to proclaim
His new misfortune, and to tell his name;
Nor voice nor words the brutal tongue ſupplies,
From ſhouting men, and horns, and dogs he flies,
Deafen'd and ſtunn'd with their promiſcuous cries.
When now the fleeteſt of the pack, that preſt
Cloſe at his heels, and ſprung before the reſt,
Had faſten'd on him, ſtrait another pair
Hung on his wounded haunch, and held him there.
Till all the pack came up, and ev'ry hound
Tore the ſad huntſman grov'ling on the ground,
Who now appear'd but one continu'd wound.
With dropping tears his bitter fate he moans,
And fills the mountain with his dying groans.
His ſervants with a piteous look he ſpies,
And turns about his ſupplicating eyes.
His ſervants, ignorant of what had chanc'd,
With eager haſte and joyful ſhouts advanc'd,
And call'd their lord Actaeon to the game;
He ſhook his head in anſwer to the name,

He heard, but wiſh'd he had indeed been gone,
Or only to have ſtood a looker on.
But, to his grief he finds himſelf too near,
And feels his rav'nous dogs with fury tear
Their wretched maſter, panting in a deer.

The Birth of BACCHUS.

ACTÆON's ſufferings, and Diana's rage,
Did all the thoughts of men and gods engage,
Some call'd the evils, which Diana wrought,
Too great, and diſproportion'd to the fault;
Others again eſteem'd Actæon's woes
Fit for a virgin goddeſs to impoſe.
The hearers into different parts divide,
And reaſons are produc'd on either ſide.
Juno alone, of all that heard the news,
Nor would condemn the goddeſs, nor excuſe:
She heeded not the juſtice of the deed,
But joy'd to ſee the race of Cadmus bleed:
For ſtill ſhe kept Europa in her mind,
And, for her ſake, deteſted all her kind.
Beſides, to aggravate her hate, ſhe heard
How Semele, to Jove's embrace preferr'd,
Was now grown big with an immortal load,
And carry'd in her womb a future god.
Thus terribly incens'd, the goddeſs broke
To ſudden fury, and abruptly ſpoke.

'Are my reproaches of ſo ſmall a force?
'Tis time I then purſue another courſe:

'It is decreed the guilty wretch ſhall die,
'If I'm indeed the miſtreſs of the ſky;
'If rightly ſtyl'd among the pow'rs above
'The wife and ſiſter of the thundering Jove,
'(And none can ſure a ſiſter's right deny)
'It is decreed the guilty wretch ſhall die.
'She boaſts an honour I can hardly claim?
'Pregnant ſhe riſes to a mother's name;
'While proud and vain ſhe triumphs in her Jove,
'And ſhows the glorious tokens of his love:
'But if I'm ſtill the miſtreſs of the ſkies,
'By her own lover the fond beauty dies.'
This ſaid, deſcending in a yellow cloud,
Before the gates of Semele ſhe ſtood.

Old Beroe's decrepit ſhape ſhe wears,
Her wrinkled viſage, and her hoary hairs;
Whilſt in her trembling gait ſhe totters on,
And learns to tattle in the nurſe's tone.
The goddeſs, thus diſguis'd in age, beguil'd
With pleaſing ſtories her falſe foſter child.
Much did ſhe talk of love, and when ſhe came
To mention to the nymph her lover's name,
Fetching a ſigh, and holding down her head,
''Tis well,' ſays ſhe, 'if all be true that's ſaid.
'But truſt me, child, I'm much inclin'd to fear
'Some counterfeit in this your Jupiter.
'Many an honeſt well-deſigning maid,
'Has been by theſe pretended gods betray'd.
'But if he be indeed the thund'ring Jove,
'Bid him, when next he courts the rites of love,
'Deſcend triumphant from th' etherial ſky
'In all the pomp of his divinity;

'Encompaſs'd round by thoſe celeſtial charms,
'With which he fills th' immortal Juno's arms.'
Th' unwary Nymph, enſnar'd with what ſhe ſaid,
Deſir'd of Jove, when next he ſought her bed,
To grant a certain gift which ſhe would chuſe;
'Fear not,' reply'd the god, 'that I'll refuſe
'Whate'er you aſk: May Styx confirm my voice,
'Chuſe what you will, and you ſhall have your choice.'
'Then, ſays the nymph, when next you ſeek my arms,
'May you deſcend in thoſe celeſtial charms,
'With which your Juno's boſom you enflame,
'And fill with tranſport Heaven's immortal dame.'
The god ſurpriz'd would fain have ſtopt her voice:
But he had ſworn, and ſhe had made her choice:
To keep his promiſe he aſcends, and ſhrowds
His awful brow in whirlwinds and in clouds;
Whilſt all around, in terrible array,
His thunders rattle, and his light'nings play.
And yet, the dazling luſtre to abate,
He ſet not out in all his pomp and ſtate,
Clad in the mildeſt light'ning of the ſkies,
And arm'd with thunder of the ſmalleſt ſize:
Not thoſe huge bolts, by which the Giants ſlain
Lay overthrown on the Phlegrean plain.
'Twas of a leſſer mould, and lighter weight;
They call it Thunder of a ſecond rate.
For the rough Cyclops, who by Jove's command
Temper'd the bolt, and turn'd it to his hand,
Work'd up leſs flame and fury in its make,
And quench'd it ſooner in the ſtanding lake.

Thus dreadfully adorn'd, with horror bright,
Th' illuſtrious god, deſcending from his height,
Came rushing on her in a ſtorm of light.
The mortal dame, too feeble to engage
The light'ning's flaſhes, and the thunder's rage,
Conſum'd amidſt the glories ſhe deſir'd,
And in the terrible embrace expir'd.
But, to preſerve his offspring from the tomb,
Jove took him ſmoking from the blaſted womb;
And, if on ancient tales we may rely,
Inclos'd th' abortive infant in his thigh.
Here, when the babe had all his time fulfill'd,
Ino firſt took him for her foſter-child;
Then the Niſeans, in their dark abode,
Nurs'd ſecretly with milk the thriving god.

The Transformation of TIRESIAS.

'TWAS now, while theſe tranſactions paſt on earth
And Bacchus thus procur'd a ſecond birth,
When Jove, diſpos'd to lay aſide the weight
Of public empire, and the cares of ſtate;
As to his queen in nectar bowls he quaff'd,
'In troth,' ſays he, and as he ſpoke he laugh'd,
'The ſenſe of pleaſure in the male is far
'More dull and dead, than what you females ſhare.'
Juno the truth of what was ſaid deny'd;
Tireſias therefore muſt the cauſe decide;
For he the pleaſure of each ſex had try'd.
It happen'd once, within a ſhady wood,
Two twiſted ſnakes he in conjunction view'd;

When with his ſtaff their ſlimy folds he broke
And loſt his manhood at the fatal ſtroke.
But after ſeven revolving years, he view'd
The ſelf-ſame Serpents in the ſelf-ſame wood;
'And if,' ſays he, 'ſuch virtue in you lie,
'That he who dares your ſlimy folds untie
'Muſt change his kind, a ſecond ſtroke I'll try.'
Again he ſtruck the ſnakes, and ſtood again
New-ſex'd, and ſtrait recover'd into man.
Him therefore both the deities create
The ſovereign umpire in their grand debate;
And he declar'd for Jove: When Juno fir'd,
More than ſo trivial an affair requir'd,
Depriv'd him, in her fury, of his ſight,
And left him groping round in ſudden night.
But Jove (for ſo it is in heaven decreed,
That no one god repeal another's deed;)
Irradiates all his ſoul with inward light,
And with the prophet's art relieves the want of ſight.

The Transformation of Echo.

FAM'D far and near for knowing things to come,
From him th' inquiring nations ſought their doom;
The fair Liriope his anſwers try'd,
And firſt th' unerring prophet juſtify'd;
This Nymph the god Cephiſus had abus'd,
With all his winding waters circumfus'd,
And on the Nereid got a lovely boy,
Whom the ſoft maids even then beheld with joy.
The tender dame, ſollicitous to know
Whether her child ſhould reach old age or no,

Conſults the ſage Tireſias, who replies,
'If e'er he knows himſelf, he ſurely dies.'
Long liv'd the dubious mother in ſuſpenſe,
'Till time unriddled all the prophet's ſenſe.
Narciſſus now his ſixteenth year began,
Juſt turn'd of boy, and on the verge of man;
Many a friend the blooming youth careſs'd,
Many a love-ſick maid her flame confeſs'd.
Such was his pride, in vain the friend careſs'd,
The love-ſick maid in vain her flame confeſs'd.
Once, in the woods, as he purſu'd the chace,
The babbling Echo had deſcry'd his face;
She, who in others words her ſilence breaks,
Nor ſpeaks herſelf but when another ſpeaks.
Echo was then a maid, of ſpeech bereft,
Of wonted ſpeech; for tho' her voice was left,
Juno a curſe did on her tongue impoſe,
To ſport with every ſentence in the cloſe.
Full often, when the goddeſs might have caught
Jove and her rivals in the very fault,
This Nymph with ſubtle ſtories would delay
Her coming, 'till the lovers ſlipp'd away.
The goddeſs found out the deceit in time;
And then ſhe cry'd, 'That tongue, for this thy crime,
'Which could ſo many ſubtle tales produce,
'Shall be hereafter but of little uſe.'
Hence 'tis ſhe prattles, in a fainter tone,
With mimic ſounds, and accents not her own.
This love-ſick virgin, over-joy'd to find
The boy alone, ſtill follow'd him behind;
When glowing warmly at her near approach,
As ſulphur blazes at the taper's touch,

She long'd her hidden paſſion to reveal,
And tell her pains, but had not words to tell;
She cann't begin, but waits for the rebound,
To catch his voice, and to reſound the ſound.
The nymph, when nothing could Narciſſus move,
Still daſh'd with bluſhes for her ſlighted love,
Liv'd in the ſhady covert of the woods,
In ſolitary caves and dark abodes;
Where pining wander'd the rejected fair,
'Till harraſs'd out, and worn away with care,
The ſounding ſkeleton, of blood bereft,
Beſides her bones and voice had nothing left.
Her bones are petrify'd, her voice is found
In vaults, where ſtill it doubles every ſound.

The Story of NARCISSUS.

Thus did the nymphs in vain careſs the boy,
He ſtill was lovely, but he ſtill was coy;
When one fair virgin of the ſlighted train
Thus pray'd the gods, provok'd by his diſdain.
'Oh may he love like me, and love like me in vain!'
Rhamnuſia pity'd the neglected fair,
And with juſt vengeance anſwer'd to her prayer.
There ſtands a fountain in a darkſom wood,
Nor ſtain'd with falling leaves nor riſing mud;
Untroubled by the breath of winds it reſts,
Unſully'd by the touch of men or beaſts;
High bowers of ſhady trees above it grow,
And riſing graſs and chearful greens below.
Pleas'd with the form and coolneſs of the place,
And over-heated by the morning chace,

Narciſſus on the graſſy verdure lies:
But whilſt within the chryſtal fount he tries
To quench his heat, he feels new heats ariſe,
For as his own bright image he ſurvey'd,
He fell in love with the fantaſtic ſhade;
And o'er the fair reſemblance hung unmov'd,
Nor knew, fond youth! it was himſelf he lov'd.
The well-turn'd neck and ſhoulders he deſcries,
The ſpacious forehead, and the ſparkling eyes;
The hands that Bacchus might not ſcorn to ſhow,
And hair that round Apollo's head might flow,
With all the purple youthfulneſs of face,
That gently bluſhes in the wat'ry glaſs.
By his own flames conſum'd the lover lies,
And gives himſelf the wound by which he dies.
To the cold water oft he joins his lips,
Oft catching at the beauteous ſhade he dips
His arms, as often from himſelf he ſlips.
Nor knows he who it is his arms purſue
With eager claſps, but loves he knows not who.
Who could, fond youth, this helpleſs paſſion move?
What kindle in thee this unpity'd love?
Thy own warm bluſh within the water glows,
With thee the colour'd ſhadow comes and goes,
Its empty being on thyſelf relies;
Step thou aſide, and the frail charmer dies.
Still o'er the fountain's wat'ry gleam he ſtood,
Mindleſs of ſleep, and negligent of food;
Still view'd his face, and languiſh'd as he view'd.
At length he rais'd his head, and thus began
To vent his griefs, and tell the woods his pain:

'You trees, ſays he, and thou ſurrounding grove,
'Who oft have been the kindly ſcenes of love,
'Tell me, if e'er within your ſhades did lie
'A youth ſo tortur'd, ſo perplex'd as I?
'I who before me ſee the charming fair,
'Whilſt there he ſtands, and yet he ſtands not there:
'In ſuch a maze of love my thoughts are loſt;
'And yet no bulwark'd town, nor diſtant coaſt,
'Preſerves the beauteous youth from being ſeen,
'No mountains riſe, nor oceans flow between.
'A ſhallow water hinders my embrace;
'And yet the lovely mimic wears a face
'That kindly ſmiles, and when I bend to join
'My lips to his, he fondly bends to mine.
'Hear, gentle youth, and pity my complaint,
'Come from thy well, thou fair inhabitant.
'My charms an eaſy conqueſt have obtain'd,
'O'er other hearts, by thee alone diſdain'd.
'But why ſhould I deſpair? I'm ſure he burns
'With equal flames, and languiſhes by turns.
'Whene'er I ſtoop, he offers at a kiſs,
'And when my arms I ſtretch, he ſtretches his.
'His eye with pleaſure on my face he keeps,
'He ſmiles my ſmiles, and when I weep he weeps.
'Whene'er I ſpeak, his moving lips appear
'To utter ſomething, which I cannot hear.
'Ah wretched me! I now begin too late
'To find out all the long-perplex'd deceit;
'It is myſelf I love, myſelf I ſee;
'The gay deluſion is a part of me.
'I kindle up the fires by which I burn,
'And my own beauties from the well return.

'Whom ſhould I court? how utter my complaint?
'Enjoyment but produces my reſtraint,
'And too much plenty makes me die for want.
'How gladly would I from myſelf remove!
'And at a diſtance ſet the thing I love.
'My breaſt is warm'd with ſuch unuſual fire,
'I wiſh him abſent whom I moſt deſire.
'And now I faint with grief; my fate draws nigh;
'In all the pride of blooming youth I die.
'Death will the ſorrows of my heart relieve.
'O might the viſionary youth ſurvive,
'I ſhould with joy my lateſt breath reſign!
'But oh! I ſee his fate involv'd in mine.'

This ſaid, the weeping youth again return'd
To the clear fountain, where again he burn'd.
His tears defac'd the ſurface of the well,
With circle after circle, as they fell:
And now the lovely face but half appears,
O'er-run with wrinkles, and deform'd with tears.
'Ah whether, cries, Narciſſus, doſt thou fly?
'Let me ſtill feed the flame by which I die;
'Let me ſtill ſee, though I'm no further bleſt.'
Then rends his garment off, and beats his breaſt:
His naked boſom redden'd with the blow,
In ſuch a bluſh as purple cluſters ſhow,
Ere yet the ſun's autumnal heats refine
Their ſprightly juice, and mellow it to wine.
The glowing beauties of his breaſt he ſpies,
And with a new redoubled paſſion dies.
As wax diſſolves, as ice begins to run,
And trickle into drops before the ſun,

So melts the youth, and languiſhes away;
His beauty withers, and his limbs decay,
And none of thoſe attractive charms remain,
To which the ſlighted Echo ſu'd in vain.
She ſaw him in his preſent miſery,
Whom, ſpight of all her wrongs, ſhe griev'd to ſee.
She anſwer'd ſadly to the lover's moan,
Sigh'd back his ſighs, and groan'd to every groan:
'Ah youth! belov'd in vain, Narciſſus cries;
'Ah youth! belov'd in vain, the nymph replies.
'Farewell, ſays he:' The parting ſound ſcarce fell
From his faint lips, but ſhe reply'd, 'Farewel.'
Then on th'unwholſome earth he gaſping lies,
'Till death ſhuts up thoſe ſelf-admiring eyes.
To the cold ſhades his flitting ghoſt retires,
And in the Stygian waves itſelf admires.
From him the Naiads and the Dryades mourn,
Whom the ſad Echo anſwers in her turn:
And now the ſiſter-nymphs prepare his urn;
When, looking for his corps, they only found
A riſing ſtalk, with yellow bloſſoms crown'd.

The Story of PENTHEUS.

THIS ſad event gave blind Tireſias fame,
Through Greece eſtabliſh'd in a prophet's name.
Th' unhallow'd Pentheus only durſt deride
The cheated people, and their eyeleſs guide.
To whom the prophet in his fury ſaid,
Shaking the hoary honours of his head,
'Twere well, preſumptuous man, 'twere well for thee
'If thou wert eyeleſs too, and blind, like me:

'For the time comes, nay, 'tis already here,
'When the young god's ſolemnities appear;
'Which if thou doſt not with juſt rites adorn,
'Thy impious careaſs, into pieces torn,
'Shall ſtrew the woods, and hang on every thorn.
'Then, then, remember what I now foretel,
'And now the blind Tireſias ſaw too well.'
Still Pentheus ſcorns him, and derides his ſkill;
But time did all the prophet's threats fulfil.
For now thro' proſtrate Greece young Bacchus rode,
Whilſt howling matrons celebrate the god.
All ranks and ſexes to his orgies ran,
To mingle in the pomps, and fill the train.
When Pentheus thus his wicked rage expreſs'd;
'What madneſs, Thebans, has your ſouls poſſeſs'd;
'Can hollow timbrels, can a drunken ſhout,
'And the loud clamours of a beaſtly rout,
'Thus quell your courage? can the weak alarm
'Of women's yells theſe ſtubborn ſouls diſarm,
'Whom nor the ſword nor trumpet e'er could fright,
'Nor the loud din and horror of a fight?
'And you, our ſires, who left your old abodes,
'And fix'd in foreign earth your country gods;
'Will you without a ſtroke your city yield,
'And poorly quit an undiſputed field?
'But you, whoſe youth and vigour ſhould inſpire
'Heroic warmth, and kindle martial fire,
'Whom burniſh'd arms and creſted helmets grace,
'Not flowery garlands and a painted face;
'Remember him to whom you ſtand ally'd:
'The ſerpent for his well of waters dy'd.
'He fought the ſtrong; do you his courage ſhow,
'And gain a conqueſt o'er a feeble foe.

'If Thebes muſt fall, oh might the fates afford
'A nobler doom from famine, fire, or ſword!
'Then might the Thebans periſh with renown:
'But now a beardleſs victor ſacks the town;
'Whom nor the prancing ſteed, nor pond'rous ſhield,
'Nor the back'd helmet, nor the duſty field,
'But the ſoft joys of luxury and eaſe,
'The purple veſts and flowery garlands pleaſe.
'Stand then aſide, I'll make the counterfeit
'Renounce his god-head, and confeſs the cheat.
'Acriſius from the Grecian walls repell'd
'This boaſted power; why then ſhould Pentheus yield?
'Go quickly, drag th' audacious boy to me;
'I'll try the force of his divinity.'
Thus did th' audacious wretch thoſe rites profane;
His friends diſſuade th' audacious wretch in vain;
In vain his grandſire urg'd him to give o'er
His impious threats; the wretch but raves the more.
So have I ſeen a river gently glide,
In a ſmooth courſe, and inoffenſive tide;
But if with dams its current we reſtrain,
It bears down all, and foams along the plain.
But now his ſervants came beſmear'd with blood,
Sent by their haughty prince to ſeize the god;
The god they found not in the frantic throng,
But dragg'd a zealous votary along.

The Mariners transformed to Dolphins.

HIM Pentheus view'd with fury in his look,
And ſcarce with-held his hands, while thus he ſpoke,

'Vile ſlave! whom ſpeedy vengeance ſhall purſue,
'And terrify thy baſe ſeditious crew!
'Thy country, and thy parentage reveal,
'And, why thou join'ſt in theſe mad orgies, tell.'
The captive views him with undaunted eyes,
And arm'd with inward innocence, replies.
'From high Meonia's rocky ſhores I came,
'Of poor deſcent, Acœtes is my name:
'My ſire was meanly born; no oxen plow'd
'His fruitful fields, nor in his paſtures low'd.
'His whole eſtate within the waters lay;
'With lines and hooks he caught the finny prey.
'His art was all his livelihood; which he
'Thus with his dying lips bequeath'd to me;
'In ſtreams, my boy, and rivers take thy chance;
'There ſwims, ſaid he, thy whole inheritance.
'Long did I live on this poor legacy:
'Till tir'd with rocks, and my own native ſky,
'To arts of navigation I inclin'd;
'Obſerv'd the turns and changes of the wind:
'Learn'd the fit havens, and began to note
'The ſtormy Hyades, the rainy Goat,
'The bright Taygete, and the ſhining Bears,
'With all the ſailor's catalogue of ſtars.
'Once, as by chance for Delos I deſign'd,
'My veſſel, driven by a ſtrong guſt of wind,
'Moor'd in a Chian creek; aſhore I went,
'And all the following night in Chios ſpent.
'When morning roſe, I ſent my mates to bring
'Supplies of water from a neighb'ring ſpring,
'Whilſt I the motion of the winds explor'd;
'Then ſummon'd in my crew, and went aboard.

'Opheltes heard my ſummons, and with joy
'Brought to the ſhore a ſoft and lovely boy,
'With more than female ſweetneſs in his look,
'Whom ſtraggling in the neighb'ring fields he took.
'With fumes of wine the little captive glows,
'And nods with ſleep, and ſtaggers as he goes.
'I view'd him nicely, and began to trace
'Each heavenly feature, each immortal grace,
'And ſaw divinity in all his face.
'I know not who, ſaid I, this god ſhould be;
'But that he is a god I plainly ſee:
'And thou, who-e'er thou art, excuſe the force
'Theſe men have us'd; and oh befriend our courſe!
'Pray not for us, the nimble Dictys cry'd;
'Dictys, that could the main-top-maſt beſtride,
'And down the ropes with active vigour ſlide.
'To the ſame purpoſe old Epopeus ſpoke,
'Who over-look'd the oars, and timed the ſtroke;
'The ſame the pilot, and the ſame the reſt;
'Such impious avarice their ſouls poſſeſt.
'Nay, heaven forbid that I ſhould bear away
'Within my veſſel ſo divine a prey,
'Said I; and ſtood to hinder their intent:
'When Lycabas, a wretch for murder ſent
'From Tuſcany, to ſuffer baniſhment,
'With his clench'd fiſt had ſtruck me over-board,
'Had not my hands in falling, graſp'd a cord.
'His baſe confederates the fact approve;
'When Bacchus (for 'twas he) begun to move,
'Wak'd by the noiſe and clamours which they rais'd;
'And ſhook his drouſy limbs, and round him gaz'd:

'What means this noiſe? he cries; am I betray'd?
'Ah! whither, whither muſt I be convey'd?
'Fear not, ſaid Proreus, child, but tell us where
'You wiſh to land, and truſt our friendly care.
'To Naxos then direct your courſe, ſaid he;
'Naxos a hoſpitable port ſhall be
'To each of you, a joyful home to me.
'By every god that rules the ſea or ſky,
'The perjur'd villains promiſe to comply,
'And bid me haſten to unmoor the ſhip.
'With eager joy I launch into the deep;
'And headleſs of the fraud, for Naxos ſtand:
'They whiſper oft, and beckon with the hand,
'And give me ſigns, all anxious for their prey,
'To tack about, and ſteer another way.
'Then let ſome other to my poſt ſucceed,
'Said I, I'm guiltleſs of ſo foul a deed.
'What, ſays Ethalion, muſt the ſhip's whole crew
'Follow your humour, and depend on you?
'And ſtrait himſelf he ſeated at the prore,
'And tack'd about, and ſought another ſhore.
'The beauteous youth now found himſelf betray'd,
'And from the deck the riſing waves ſurvey'd,
'And ſeem'd to weep, and as he wept, he ſaid;
'And do you thus my eaſy faith beguile?
'Thus do you bear me to my native iſle?
'Will ſuch a multitude of men employ
'Their ſtrength againſt a weak defenceleſs boy?
'In vain did I the god-like youth deplore,
'The more I begg'd, they thwarted me the more.
'And now by all the gods in heaven that hear
'This ſolemn oath, by Bacchus' ſelf, I ſwear,

'The mighty miracle that did enſue,
'Although it ſeems beyond belief, is true.
'The veſſel, fix'd and rooted in the flood,
'Unmov'd by all the beating billows ſtood.
'In vain the mariners would plough the main,
'With ſails unfurl'd, and ſtrike their oars in vain;
'Around their oars a twining ivy cleaves,
'And climbs the maſt, and hides the cords in leaves;
'The ſails are cover'd with a chearful green,
'And berries in the fruitful canvaſs ſeen.
'Amidſt the waves a ſudden foreſt rears
'Its verdant head, and a new ſpring appears.
'The god we now behold with open eyes;
'A herd of ſpotted panthers round him lies
'In glaring forms; the grapy cluſters ſpread
'On his fair brows, and dangle on his head.
'And whilſt he frowns, and brandiſhes his ſpear,
'My mates, ſurpriz'd with madneſs or with fear,
'Leap'd over board; firſt perjur'd Madon found
'Rough ſcales and fins his ſtiff'ning ſides ſurround;
'Ah what, cries one, has thus transform'd thy look?
'Strait his own mouth grew wider as he ſpoke;
'And now himſelf he views with like ſurprize.
'Still at his oar th' induſtrious Libys plies;
'But, as he plies, each buſy arm ſhrinks in,
'And, by degrees, is faſhion'd to a fin.
'Another, as he catches at a cord,
'Miſſes his arms, and, tumbling over-board,
'With his broad fins and forky tail, he laves
'The riſing ſurge, and flounces in the waves.
'Thus all the crew transform'd around the ſhip,
'Or dive below, or on the ſurface leap,
'And ſpout the waves, and wanton in the deep.

'Full nineteen ſailors did the ſhip convey,
'A ſhoal of nineteen dolphins round her play.
'I only in my proper ſhape appear,
'Speechleſs with wonder, and half dead with fear,
'Till Bacchus kindly bid me fear no more.
'With him I landed on the Chian ſhore,
'And him ſhall ever gratefully adore.'
'This forging ſlave,' ſays Pentheus, 'would prevail
'O'er our juſt fury by a far-fetch'd tale:
'Go, let him feel the whips, the ſwords, the fire,
'And in the tortures of the rack expire.'
Th' officious ſervants hurry him away,
And the poor captive in a dungeon lay.
But, whilſt the whips and tortures are prepar'd,
The gates fly open, of themſelves unbarr'd;
At liberty th' unfetter'd captive ſtands,
And flings the looſen'd ſhackles from his hands.

The Death of PENTHEUS.

BUT Pentheus, grown more furious than before,
Reſolv'd to ſend his meſſengers no more,
But went himſelf to the diſtracted throng,
Where high Cithaeron echo'd with their ſong.
And as the fiery war-horſe paws the ground,
And ſnorts and trembles at the trumpet's ſound;
Tranſported thus he heard the frantic rout,
And rav'd and madden'd at the diſtant ſhout.
A ſpacious circuit on the hill there ſtood,
Level and wide, and ſkirted round with wood;

Here the raſh Pentheus, with unhallow'd eyes,
The howling dames and myſtic orgies ſpies.
His mother ſternly view'd him where he ſtood,
And kindled into madneſs as ſhe view'd:
Her leafy jav'lin at her ſon ſhe caſt,
And cries, 'The boar that lays our country waſte!
'The boar, my ſiſters! aim the fatal dart,
'And ſtrike the brindled monſter to the heart.'
Pentheus aſtoniſh'd heard the diſmal ſound,
And ſees the yelling matrons gath'ring round;
He ſees, and weeps at his approaching fate,
And begs for mercy, and repents too late.
'Help, help! my aunt Autonoe, he cry'd;
'Remember how your own Actaeon dy'd.'
Deaf to his cries, the frantic matron crops
One ſtretch'd-out arm, the other Ino lops.
In vain does Pentheus to his mother ſue,
And the raw bleeding ſtumps preſents to view:
His mother howl'd; and heedleſs of his pray'r,
Her trembling hand ſhe twiſted in his hair,
'And this,' ſhe cry'd, 'ſhall be Agave's ſhare.'
When from the neck his ſtruggling head ſhe tore,
And in her hands the ghaſtly viſage bore,
With pleaſure all the hideous trunk ſurvey;
Then pull'd and tore the mangled limbs away,
As ſtarting in the pangs of death it lay.
Soon as the wood its leafy honours caſts,
Blown off and ſcatter'd by autumnal blaſts,
With ſuch a ſudden death lay Pentheus ſlain,
And in a thouſand pieces ſtrow'd the plain.
By ſo diſtinguiſhing a judgment aw'd,
The Thebans tremble, and confeſs the god.

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK IV.

The Story of SALMACIS and HERMAPHRODITUS.

HOW Salmacis, with weak enfeebling ſtreams
Softens the body, and unnerves the limbs,
And what the ſecret cauſe ſhall here be ſhown;
The cauſe is ſecret, but th' effect is known.
The Naiads nurs'd an infant heretofore,
That Cytherea once to Hermes bore;
From both th' illuſtrious authors of his race
The child was nam'd; nor was it hard to trace
Both the bright parents thro' the infant's face.
When fifteen years, in Ida's cool retreat,
The boy had told, he left his native ſeat,
And ſought freſh fountains in a foreign ſoil:
The pleaſure leſſen'd the attending toil.
With eager ſteps the Lycian fields he croſt,
And fields that border on the Lycian coaſt;

A river here he view'd ſo lovely bright,
It ſhew'd the bottom in a fairer light,
Nor kept a ſand conceal'd from human ſight.
The ſtream produc'd nor ſlimy ooze, nor weeds,
Nor miry ruſhes, nor the ſpiky reeds;
But dealt enriching moiſture all around,
The fruitful banks with chearful verdure crown'd,
And kept the ſpring eternal on the ground.
A nymph preſides, nor practis'd in the chace,
Nor ſkilful at the bow, nor at the race;
Of all the blue-ey'd daughters of the main,
The only ſtranger to Diana's train:
Her ſiſters often, as 'tis ſaid, would cry,
'Fie, Salmacis, what, always idle! fie,
'Or take thy quiver, or thy arrows ſeize,
'And mix the toils of hunting with thy eaſe.'
Nor quiver ſhe nor arrows e'er would ſeize,
Nor mix the toils of hunting with her eaſe.
But oft would bathe her in the chryſtal tide,
Oft with a comb her dewy locks divide;
Now in the limpid ſtreams ſhe view'd her face,
And dreſt her image in the floating glaſs:
On beds of leaves ſhe now repos'd her limbs,
Now gather'd flow'rs that grew about her ſtreams;
And then by chance was gath'ring, as ſhe ſtood
To view the boy, and long'd for what ſhe view'd.
Fain would ſhe meet the youth with haſty feet,
She fain would meet him, but refus'd to meet
Before her looks were ſet with niceſt care,
And well deſerv'd to be reputed fair.
'Bright youth,' ſhe cries, 'whom all thy features prove
'A god, and, if a god, the God of Love;

'But if a mortal, bleſt thy nurſe's breaſt,
'Bleſt are thy parents, and thy ſiſters bleſt:
'But oh how bleſt! how more than bleſt thy bride,
'Ally'd in bliſs, if any yet ally'd.
'If ſo, let mine the ſtol'n enjoyments be:
'If not, behold a willing bride in me.'
The boy knew nought of love, and touch'd with ſhame,
He ſtrove, and bluſh'd, but ſtill the bluſh became;
In riſing bluſhes ſtill freſh beauties roſe;
The ſunny ſide of fruit ſuch bluſhes ſhows,
And ſuch the moon, when all her ſilver white
Turns in eclipſes to a ruddy light.
The nymph ſtill begs, if not a nobler bliſs,
A cold ſalute at leaſt, a ſiſter's kiſs:
And now prepares to take the lovely boy
Between her arms. He, innocently coy,
Replies, 'Or leave me to myſelf alone,
'You rude uncivil nymph, or I'll be gone.
'Fair ſtranger then,' ſays ſhe, 'it ſhall be ſo;'
And, for ſhe fear'd his threats, ſhe feign'd to go;
But hid within a covert's neighbouring green,
She kept him ſtill in ſight, herſelf unſeen.
The boy now fancies all the danger o'er,
And innocently ſports about the ſhore;
Playful and wanton to the ſtream he trips,
And dips his foot, and ſhivers as he dips.
The coolneſs pleas'd him, and with eager haſte
His airy garments on the banks he caſt;
His godlike features, and his heav'nly hue,
And all his beauties were expos'd to view.

His naked limbs the nymph with rapture ſpies,
While hotter paſſions in her boſom riſe,
Fluſh in her cheeks, and ſparkle in her eyes.
She longs, ſhe burns to claſp him in her arms,
And looks, and ſighs, and kindles at his charms.
Now all undreſt upon the banks he ſtood,
And clapt his ſides, and leapt into the flood:
His lovely limbs the ſilver waves divide,
His limbs appear more lovely through the tide;
As lilies ſhut within a chryſtal caſe,
Receive a gloſſy luſtre from the glaſs.
'He's mine, he's all my own,' the Naiad cries,
And flings off all, and after him ſhe flies.
And now ſhe faſtens on him as he ſwims,
And holds him cloſe, and wraps about his limbs.
The more the boy reſiſted, and was coy,
The more ſhe clipt, and kiſt the ſtruggling boy.
So when the wrigling ſnake is ſnatch'd on high
In eagle's claws, and hiſſes in the ſky,
Around the foe his twirling tail he flings,
And twiſts her legs, and writhes about her wings.
The reſtleſs boy ſtill obſtinately ſtrove
To free himſelf, and ſtill refus'd her love.
Amidſt his limbs ſhe kept her limbs intwin'd,
'And why, coy youth,' ſhe cries, 'why thus unkind!
'Oh may the gods thus keep us ever join'd!
'Oh may we never, never part again!'
So pray'd the nymph, nor did ſhe pray in vain:
For now ſhe finds him, as his limbs ſhe preſt,
Grow nearer ſtill, and nearer to her breaſt;
Till, piercing each the other's fleſh, they run
Together, and incorporate in one:

Laſt in one face are both their faces join'd,
As when the ſtock and grafted twin combin'd
Shoot up the ſame, and wear a common rind:
Both bodies in a ſingle body mix,
A ſingle body with a double ſex.

The boy, thus loſt in woman, now ſurvey'd
The river's guilty ſtream, and thus he pray'd.
(He pray'd, but wonder'd at his ſofter tone,
Surpriz'd to hear a voice but half his own)
You parent gods, whoſe heav'nly names I bear,
Hear your Hermaphrodite, and grant my pray'r;
Oh grant, that whomſoe'r theſe ſtreams contain,
If man he enter'd he may riſe again
Supple, unſinew'd, and but half a man!

The heav'nly parents anſwer'd from on high,
Their two-ſhap'd ſon, the double votary;
Then gave a ſecret virtue to the flood,
And ting'd its ſource to make his wiſhes good.

NOTES

ON SOME OF THE FOREGOING STORIES IN OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

On the Story of PHAETON, pag. 76.

THE ſtory of Phaeton is told with a greater air of majeſty and grandeur than any other in all Ovid. It is indeed the moſt important ſubject he treats of, except the deluge; and I cannot but believe that this is the conflagration he hints at in the firſt book;

Eſſe quoque in fatis reminiſcitur, affore tempus
Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia coeli
Ardeat, et mundi moles operoſa laboret;

(though the learned apply thoſe verſes to the future burning of the world) for it fully anſwers that deſcription, if the

——Coeli miſerere tui; circumſpice utrumque,
Fumat uterque polus.

'Fumat uterque polus'——comes up to 'correptaque 'regia coeli'——Beſides, it is Ovid's cuſtom to prepare

the reader for a following ſtory, by giving ſome intimations of it in a foregoing one, which was more particularly neceſſary to be done before he led us into ſo ſtrange a ſtory as this he is now upon.

P. 76. l. 7. *For in the portal*, &c.] We have here the picture of the univerſe drawn in little,

———Balaenarumque prementum
Ægeona ſuis immania terga lacertis.

Ægeon makes a diverting figure in it.

———Facies non omnibus una
Nec diverſa tamen: Qualem decet eſſe ſororum.

The thought is very pretty, of giving Doris and her daughters ſuch a difference in their looks as is natural to different perſons, and yet ſuch a likeneſs as ſhowed their affinity.

Terra viros, urbeſque gerit, ſylvaſque, feraſque,
Fluminaque, et Nymphas, et caetera numina Ruris.

The leſs important figures are well huddled together in the promiſcuous deſcription at the end, which very well repreſents what the painters call a groupe.

———Circum caput omne micantes
Depoſuit radios; propiuſque accedere juſſit.

P. 77. l. laſt. *And flung the blaze*, &c.] It gives us a great image of Phoebus, that the youth was forced to look on him at a diſtance, and not able to approach him till he had laid aſide the circle of rays that caſt ſuch a glory about his head. And, indeed, we may

every where obſerve in Ovid, that he never fails of a due loftineſs in his ideas, though he wants it in his words. And this I think infinitely better than to have ſublime expreſſions and mean thoughts, which is generally the true character of Claudian and Statius. But this is not conſidered by them who run down Ovid in the groſs, for a low middle way of writing. What can be more ſimple and unadorned, than his deſcription of Enceladus in the ſixth book?

Nititur ille quidem, pugnatque reſurgere ſaepe,
Dextra ſed Auſonio manus eſt ſubjecta Peloro,
Laeva Pachyne tibi, Lilibaeo crura premuntur,
Degravat Ætna caput, ſub qua reſupinus arenas
Ejectat, flammamque fero vomit ore Typhaeus.

But the image we have here is truly great and ſublime, of a giant vomiting out a tempeſt of fire, and heaving up all Sicily, with the body of an iſland upon his breaſt, and a vaſt promontory on either arm.

There are few books that have had worſe commentators on them than Ovid's Metamorphoſes. Thoſe of the graver ſort have been wholly taken up in the mythologies, and think they have appeared very judicious, if they have ſhewn us, out of an old author, that Ovid is miſtaken in a pedigree, or has turned ſuch a perſon into a wolf, that ought to have been made a tyger. Others have employed themſelves on what never entered into the poet's thoughts, in adapting a dull moral to every ſtory, and making the perſons of his poems to be only nick-names for ſuch virtues or vices; particularly the pious commentator, Alexander Roſs, has dived deeper into our author's deſign than

any of the reſt; for he diſcovers in him the greateſt myſteries of the Chriſtian religion, and finds, almoſt in every page, ſome typical repreſentations of the world, the fleſh, and the devil. But, if theſe writers have gone too deep, others have been wholly employed in the ſurface, moſt of them ſerving only to help out a ſchool-boy in the conſtruing part; or, if they go out of their way, it is only to mark out the Gnomae of the author, as they call them, which are generally the heavieſt pieces of a poet, diſtinguiſhed from the reſt by Italian characters. The beſt of Ovid's expoſitors is he that wrote for the Dauphin's uſe, who has very well ſhewn the meaning of the author, but ſeldom reflects on his beauties or imperfections; for in moſt places he rather acts the geographer than the critic; and, inſtead of pointing out the fineneſs of a deſcription, only tells you in what part of the world the place is ſituated. I ſhall therefore only conſider Ovid under the character of a poet, and endeavour to ſhew him impartially, without the uſual prejudices of a tranſlator; which I am the more willing to do, becauſe I believe ſuch a comment would give the reader a truer taſte of poetry than a comment on any other poet would do; for, in reflecting on the ancient poets, men think they may venture to praiſe all they meet with in ſome, and ſcarce any thing in others; but Ovid is confeſſed to have a mixture of both kinds, to have ſomething of the beſt and worſt poets, and, by conſequence, to be the faireſt ſubject for criticiſm.

P. 78. l. 13. *My ſon, ſays he,* &c.] Phoebus's ſpeech is very nobly uſher'd in, with the 'Terque quaterque

Concutiens illuſtre caput'——and well repreſents the danger and difficulty of the undertaking; but that which is its peculiar beauty, and makes it truly Ovid's, is the repreſenting them juſt as a father would to his young ſon.

Per tamen adverſi gradieris cornua Tauri,
Haemonioſque arcus, violentique ora Leonis,
Saevaque circuitu curvantem brachia longo
Scorpion, atque aliter curvantem brachia Cancrum.

For one while he ſcares him with bugbears in the way:

—— Vaſti quoque rector Olympi,
Qui fera terribili jaculetur fulmina dextra
Non agat hos currus; et quid Jove majus habetur?

Deprecor hoc unum, quod vero nomine Poena,
Non honor eſt. Poenam, Phaeton, pro munere poſcis:

and in other places perfectly tattles like a father, which by the way makes the length of the ſpeech very natural, and concludes with all the fondneſs and concern of a tender parent.

—Patrio Pater eſſe metu probor; aſpice vultus
Ecce meos: Utinamque oculos in pectora poſſes
Inſerere, et Patrias intus deprendere curas! &c.

P. 80. l. 13. *A golden axle*, &c.] Ovid has more turns and repetitions in his words than any of the Latin poets, which are always wonderfully eaſy and natural in him. The repetition of Aureus, and the tranſition to Argenteus, in the deſcription of the

chariot, gives theſe verſes a great ſweetneſs and majeſty.

> Aureus axis erat, temo aureus, aurea ſummae
> Curvatura rotae; radiorum argenteus ordo.

P. 81. l. 7. *Drive them not on directly*, &c.] Several have endeavoured to vindicate Ovid againſt the old objection, that he miſtakes the annual for the diurnal motion of the ſun. The Dauphin's notes tell us, that Ovid knew very well the ſun did not paſs through all the ſigns he names in one day, but that he makes Phœbus mention them only to frighten Phaeton from the undertaking. But, though this may anſwer for what Phœbus ſays in his firſt ſpeech, it cannot for what is ſaid in this, where he is actually giving directions for his journey, and plainly,

> Sectus in obliquum eſt lato Curvamine limes,
> Zonarumque trium contentus fine, polumque,
> Effugito auſtralem, junctamque Aquilonibus Arcton.

deſcribes the motion through all the Zodiac.

P. 81. l. 23. *And not my chariot*, &c.] Ovid's verſe is 'Conſiliis non Curribus utere noſtris.' This way of joining two ſuch different ideas as chariot and counſel to the ſame verb is mightily uſed by Ovid; but is a very low kind of wit, and has always in it a mixture of pun, becauſe the verb muſt be taken in a different ſenſe when it is joined with one of the things, from what it has in conjunction with the other. Thus, in the end of this ſtory he tells you, that Jupiter flung a

thunderbolt at Phaeton—— 'Pariterque, animaque, rotiſque expulit Aurigam,' where he makes a forced piece of Latin (Anima expulit aurigam) that he may couple the ſoul and the wheels to the ſame verb.

P. 82. l. 17. *The youth was in a maze*, &c.] It is impoſſible for a man to be drawn in a greater confuſion than Phaeton is; but the antitheſis of light and darkneſs a little flattens the deſcription. 'Suntque Oculis tenebrae per tantum lumen abortae.'

Ibid. l. 20. *Then the ſeven ſtars*, &c.] I wonder none of Ovid's commentators have taken notice of the overſight he has committed in this verſe, where he makes the Triones grow warm before there was ever ſuch a ſign in the heavens; for he tells us in this very book, that Jupiter turned Caliſto into this conſtellation, after he had repaired the ruins that Phaeton had made in the world.

P. 84. l. 12. *Athos and Tmolus*, &c.] Ovid has here, after the way of the old poets, given us a catalogue of the mountains and rivers which were burnt. But, that I might not tire the Engliſh reader, I have left out ſome of them that make no figure in the deſcription, and inverted the order of the reſt, according as the ſmoothneſs of my verſe required.

P. 85. l. 5. *'Twas then, they ſay, the ſwarthy Moor*, &c.] This is the only Metamorphoſis in all this long ſtory, which, contrary to cuſtom, is inſerted in the middle of it. The critics may determine whether

what follows it be not too great an excurſion in him, who propoſes it, as his whole deſign, to let us know the changes of things. I dare ſay, that, if Ovid had not religiouſly obſerved the reports of the antient mythologiſts, we ſhould have ſeen Phaeton turned into ſome creature or other that hates the light of the ſun; or perhaps into an eagle that ſtill takes pleaſure to gaze on it.

Ibid. l. 26. *The frighted Nile*, &c.] Ovid has made a great many pleaſant images towards the latter end of this ſtory. His verſes on the Nile

Nilus in extremum fugit perterritus orbem,
Occuluitque caput, quod adhuc latet: Oſtia ſeptem
Pulverulenta vacant, ſeptem ſine flumine valles,

are as noble as Virgil could have written; but then he ought not to have mentioned the channel of the ſea afterwards,

Mare contrahitur, ſiccaeque eſt campus arenae;

becauſe the thought is too near the other. The image of the Cyclades is a very pretty one;

——Quoſque altum texerat aequor
Exiſtunt montes, et ſparſas Cycladas augent:

But to tell us that the ſwans grew warm in Cayſter,

——Medio volucres caluere Cayſtro,

and that the Dolphins durſt not leap,

——Nec ſe ſuper aequora curvi
Tollere conſuetas audent Delphines in auras,

is intolerably trivial on ſo great a ſubject as the burning of the world.

P. 86. l. 17. *The Earth at length*, &c.] We have here a ſpeech of the Earth, which will doubtleſs ſeem very unnatural to an Engliſh reader. It is, I believe, the boldeſt Proſopopoeia of any in the old poets; or, if it were never ſo natural, I cannot but think ſhe ſpeaks too much in any reaſon for one in her condition.

On EUROPA's Rape, Pag. 110.

L. 7. *The dignity of empire*, &c.] This ſtory is prettily told, and very well brought in by thoſe two ſerious lines,

Non bene conveniunt, nec in una ſede morantur,
Majeſtas et amor. Sceptri gravitate relicta, &c.

without which the whole fable would have appeared very prophane.

P. 112. l. 15. *The frighted Nymph looks*, &c.] This conſternation and behaviour of Europa,

——Eluſam deſignat imagine tauri
Europen; verum taurum, freta vera putaras,
Ipſa videbatur terras ſpectare relictas,
Et comites clamare ſuas, tactumque vereri
Aſſilientis aquae, timidaſque reducere plantas;

is better deſcribed in Arachne's picture in the ſixth book, than it is here, and in the beginning of Tatius

his Clitophon and Leucippe, than in either place. It is indeed uſual among the Latin poets (who had more art and reflection than the Grecian) to take hold of all opportunities to deſcribe the picture of any place or action, which they generally do better than they could the place or action itſelf; becauſe, in the deſcription of a picture, you have a double ſubject before you, either to deſcribe the picture itſelf, or what is repreſented in it.

On the Stories in the Third Book, Pag. 113.

FAB. I.

There is ſo great a variety in the arguments of the Metamorphoſes, that he who would treat of them rightly, ought to be a maſter of all ſtyles, and every different way of writing. Ovid indeed ſhews himſelf moſt in a familiar ſtory, where the chief grace is to be eaſy and natural; but wants neither ſtrength of thought nor expreſſion, when he endeavours after it, in the more ſublime and manly ſubjects of his poem. In the preſent fable, the ſerpent is terribly deſcribed, and his behaviour very well imagined, the actions of both parties in the encounter are natural, and the language that repreſents them more ſtrong and maſculine than what we uſually meet with in this poet: If there be any faults in the narration, they are theſe, perhaps, which follow.

P. 115. l. 14. *Spire above Spire*, &c.] Ovid, to make his ſerpent more terrible, and to raiſe the character of his champion, has given too great a looſe to

his imagination, and exceeded all the bounds of probability. He tells us, that when he raiſed up but half his body, he over-looked a tall foreſt of oaks, and that his whole body was as large as that of the ſerpent in the ſkies. None but a madman would have attacked ſuch a monſter as this is deſcribed to be; nor can we have any notion of a mortal's ſtanding againſt him. Virgil is not aſhamed of making Æneas fly and tremble at the ſight of a far leſs formidable foe, where he gives us the deſcription of Polyphemus in the third book; he knew very well that a monſter was not a proper enemy for his hero to encounter: But we ſhould certainly have ſeen Cadmus hewing down the Cyclops, had he fallen in Ovid's way; or if Statius's little Tydeus had been thrown on Sicily, it is probable he would not have ſpared one of the whole brotherhood.

——Phoenicas, ſive illi tela parabant,
Sive fugam, ſive ipſe timor prohibebat utrumque,
Occupat:——

P. 113. l. 21. *In vain the Tyrians*, &c.] The poet could not keep up his narration all along, in the grandeur and magnificence of an heroic ſtyle: He has here ſunk into the flatneſs of proſe, where he tells us the behaviour of the Tyrians at the ſight of the ſerpent:

——Tegimen direpta leoni
Pellis erat; telum ſplendenti Lancea ferro,
Et jaculum; teloque animas praeſtantior omni.

And, in a few lines after, lets drop the majeſty of his verſe, for the ſake of one of his little turns. How does

he languiſh in that which ſeems a laboured line! 'Triſtia ſanguinea lambentem vulnera lingua.' And what pains does he take to expreſs the ſerpent's breaking the force of the ſtroke, by ſhrinking back from it!

Sed leve vulnus erat, quia ſe retrahebat ab ictu,
Laeſaque colla dabat retro, plagamque ſedere
Cedendo fecit, nec longius ire ſinebat.

P. 118. l. 6. *And flings the future*, &c.] The deſcription of the men riſing out of the ground is as beautiful a paſſage as any in Ovid: It ſtrikes the imagination very ſtrongly; we ſee their motion in the firſt part of it, and their multitude in the *meſſis virorum* at laſt.

P. *ibid.* l. 11. *The breathing harveſt*, &c.] 'Meſſis clypeata virorum.' The beauty in theſe words would have been greater, had only *meſſis virorum* been expreſſed without *clypeata*; for the reader's mind would have been delighted with two ſuch different ideas compounded together, but can ſcarce attend to ſuch a complete image as is made out of all three.

This way of mixing two different ideas together in one image, as it is a great ſurprize to the reader, is a great beauty in poetry, if there be ſufficient ground for it in the nature of the thing that is deſcribed. The Latin poets are very full of it, eſpecially the worſt of them, for the more correct uſe it but ſparingly, as indeed the nature of things will ſeldom afford a juſt occaſion for it. When any thing we deſcribe has accidentally in it ſome quality that ſeems re-

pugnant to its nature, or is very extraordinary and uncommon in things of that ſpecies, ſuch a compounded image as we are now ſpeaking of is made, by turning this quality into an epithet of what we deſcribe. Thus Claudian, having got a hollow ball of chryſtal, with water in the midſt of it, for his ſubject, takes the advantage of conſidering the chryſtal as hard, ſtony, precious water, and the water as ſoft, fluid, imperfect chryſtal; and thus ſports off above a dozen epigrams, in ſetting his words and ideas at variance among one another. He has a great many beauties of this nature in him; but he gives himſelf up ſo much to this way of writing, that a man may eaſily know where to meet with them when he ſees his ſubject, and often ſtrains ſo hard for them, that he many times makes his deſcriptions bombaſtic and unnatural. What work would he have made with Virgil's golden bough, had he been to deſcribe it? We ſhould certainly have ſeen the yellow bark, golden ſprouts, radiant leaves, blooming metal, branching gold, and all the quarrels that could have been raiſed between words of ſuch different natures; when we ſee Virgil contented with his 'Auri frondentis;' and what is the ſame, though much finer expreſſed,—'Frondeſcit virga Metallo.' This compoſition of different ideas is often met with in a whole ſentence, where circumſtances are happily reconciled that ſeem wholly foreign to each other; and is often found among the Latin poets, (for the Greeks wanted art for it), in their deſcriptions of pictures, images, dreams, apparitions, metamorphoſes, and the like; where they bring together two ſuch thwarting ideas, by making one part of their deſcriptions relate

to the repreſentation, and the other to the thing that is repreſented. Of this nature is that verſe, which, perhaps, is the wittieſt in Virgil; 'Attollens humeris 'Famamque et Fata nepotum,' Æn. 8. where he deſcribes Æneas carrying on his ſhoulders the reputation and fortunes of his poſterity; which, though very odd and ſurpriſing, is plainly made out, when we conſider how theſe diſagreeing ideas are reconciled, and his poſterity's fame and fate made portable by being engraven on the ſhield. Thus, when Ovid tells us that Pallas tore in pieces Arachne's work, where ſhe had embroidered all the rapes that the gods had committed, he ſays;—'Rupit coeleſtia crimina.' I ſhall conclude this tedious reflection with an excellent ſtroke of this nature, out of Mr Montagu's poem to the king; where he tells us how the king of France would have been celebrated by his ſubjects, if he had ever gained ſuch an honourable wound as King William's at the fight of the Boyn:

His bleeding arm had furniſh'd all their rooms,
And run for ever purple in the looms.

FAB. II.

P. 119. l. 3. *Here Cadmus reign'd.*] This is a pretty ſolemn tranſition to the ſtory of Actaeon, which is all naturally told. The goddeſs, and her maids undreſſing her, are deſcribed with diverting circumſtances. Actaeon's flight, confuſion, and griefs, are paſſionately repreſented; but it is pity the whole narration ſhould be ſo careleſsly cloſed up.

——Ut abeſſe queruntur,
Nec capere oblatae ſegnem ſpectacula praedae.
Vellet abeſſe quidem, ſed adeſt, velletque videre,
Non etiam ſentire, Canum fera facta ſuorum.

P. 122. l. 7. *A generous pack*, &c.] I have not here troubled myſelf to call over Actaeon's pack of dogs in rhime; Spot and Whiteſoot make but a mean figure in heroic verſe, and the Greek names Ovid uſes would ſound a great deal worſe. He cloſes up his own catalogue with a kind of jeſt on it, 'Quoſque re-'ferre mora eſt'——which, by the way, is too light and full of humour for the other ſerious parts of this ſtory.

This way of inſerting catalogues of proper names in their poems, the Latins took from the Greeks, but have made them more pleaſant than thoſe they imitate, by adapting ſo many delightful characters to their perſons names; in which part Ovid's copiouſneſs of invention, and great inſight into nature, has given him the precedence to all the poets that ever came before or after him. The ſmoothneſs of our Engliſh verſe is too much loſt by the repetition of proper names, which is otherwiſe very natural, and abſolutely neceſſary in ſome caſes; as, before a battle, to raiſe in our minds an anſwerable expectation of the event, and a lively idea of the numbers that are engaged. For, had Homer or Virgil only told us in two or three lines before their fights, that there were forty thouſand of each ſide, our imagination could not poſſibly have been ſo affected, as when we ſee every leader ſingled

out, and every regiment in a manner drawn up before our eyes.

FAB. III.

P. 123. l. 21. *How Semele*, &c.] This is one of Ovid's finiſhed ſtories. The tranſition to it is proper and unforced: Juno, in her two ſpeeches, acts incomparably well the parts of a reſenting goddeſs and a tatling nurſe: Jupiter makes a very majeſtic figure with his thunder and lightning, but it is ſtill ſuch a one as ſhows who drew it; for who does not plainly diſcover Ovid's hand in the

Qua tamen uſque poteſt, vires ſibi demere tentat.
Nec, quo centimanum dejecerat igne Typhoea,
Nunc armatur eo: Nimium feritatis in illo.
Eſt aliud levius fulmen, cui dextra Cyclopum
Saevitiae flammaeque minus, minus addidit irae,
Tela Secunda vocant ſuperi.———

P. 124. l. 24. *'Tis well, ſays ſhe*, &c.] Virgil has made a Beroe of one of his goddeſſes in the fifth Æneid; but, if we compare the ſpeech ſhe there makes with that of her name-ſake in this ſtory, we may find the genius of each poet diſcovering itſelf in the language of the nurſe: Virgil's Iris could not have ſpoken more majeſtically in her own ſhape; but Juno is ſo much altered from herſelf in Ovid, that the goddeſs is quite loſt in the old woman.

FAB. V.

P. 129. l. 3. *She can't begin*, &c.] If playing on words be excuſable in any poem, it is in this, where Echo is a ſpeaker; but it is ſo mean a kind of wit, that, if it deſerves excuſe, it can claim no more.

Mr LOCKE, in his Eſſay of Human Underſtanding, has given us the beſt account of wit, in ſhort, that can any where be met with. Wit, ſays he, lies in the aſſemblage of ideas, and putting thoſe together with quickneſs and variety, wherein can be found any reſemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleaſant pictures and agreeable viſions in the fancy. Thus does true wit, as this incomparable author obſerves, generally conſiſt in the likeneſs of ideas, and is more or leſs wit, as this likeneſs in ideas is more ſurpriſing and unexpected. But, as true wit is nothing elſe but a ſimilitude in ideas, ſo is falſe wit the ſimilitude in words, whether it lies in the likeneſs of letters only, as in Anagram and Acroſtic; or of ſyllables, as in doggerel rhimes; or whole words, as puns, echos, and the like. Beſides theſe two kinds of falſe and true wit, there is another of a middle nature, that has ſomething of both in it. When in two ideas that have ſome reſemblance with each other, and are both expreſſed by the ſame word, we make uſe of the ambiguity of the word to ſpeak that of one idea included under it, which is proper to the other. Thus, for example, moſt languages have hit on the word, which properly ſignifies fire, to expreſs love by, (and there-

fore we may be ſure there is ſome reſemblance in the ideas mankind have of them;) from hence the witty poets of all languages, when they have once called love a fire, conſider it no longer as the paſſion, but ſpeak of it under the notion of a real fire, and, as the turn of wit requires, make the ſame word in the ſame ſentence ſtand for either of the ideas that is annexed to it. When Ovid's Apollo falls in love, he burns with a new flame; when the nymphs languiſh with this paſſion, they kindle in the water; the Greek epigrammatiſt fell in love with one that flung a ſnow-ball at him, and therefore takes occaſion to admire how fire could be thus concealed in ſnow. In ſhort, whenever the poet feels any thing in this love that reſembles ſomething in fire, he carries on this agreement into a kind of allegory; but if, as in the preceeding inſtances, he finds any circumſtance in his love contrary to the nature of fire, he calls his love a fire, and by joining this circumſtance to it ſurpriſes his reader with a ſeeming contradiction. I ſhould not have dwelt ſo long on this inſtance, had it not been ſo frequent in Ovid, who is the greateſt admirer of this mixed wit of all the Ancients, as our Cowley is among the Moderns. Homer, Virgil, Horace, and the greateſt poets, ſcorned it, as indeed it is only fit for Epigram and little copies of verſes; one would wonder, therefore, how ſo ſublime a genius as Milton could ſometimes fall into it, in ſuch a work as an epic poem. But we muſt attribute it to his humouring the vicious taſte of the age he lived in, and the falſe judgment of our unlearned Engliſh readers, in general, who have few of them a reliſh of the more maſculine and noble beauties of poetry.

FAB. VI.

Ovid ſeems particularly pleaſed with the ſubject of this ſtory, but has notoriouſly fallen into a fault he is often taxed with, of not knowing when he has ſaid enough, by his endeavouring to excel. How has he turned and twiſted that one thought of Narciſſus's being the perſon beloved, and the lover too?

Cunctaque miratur quibus eſt mirabilis ipſe.
——Qui probat, ipſe probatur.
Dumque petit, petitur; pariterque incendit et ardet,
Atque oculos idem qui decipit, incitat error.
Perque oculos perit ipſe ſuos———
Uror amore mei; flammas moveoque feroque, &c.

But we cannot meet with a better inſtance of the extravagance and wantonneſs of Ovid's fancy, than in that particular circumſtance at the end of the ſtory, of Narciſſus's gazing on his face after death in the Stygian waters. The deſign was very bold, of making a boy fall in love with himſelf here on earth; but, to torture him with the ſame paſſion after death, and not to let his ghoſt reſt in quiet, was intolerably cruel and uncharitable.

P. 130. l. 2. *But whilſt within*, &c.] 'Dumque ſitim 'ſedare cupit, ſitis altera crevit.' We have here a touch of that mixed wit I have before ſpoken of; but I think the meaſure of pun in it out-weighs the true wit; for, if we expreſs the thoughts in other words, the turn is almoſt loſt. This paſſage of Narciſſus probably gave

Milton the hint of applying it to Eve, though I think her ſurprize at the ſight of her own face in the water far more juſt and natural, than this of Narciſſus. She was a raw unexperienced being, juſt created, and therefore might eaſily be ſubject to the deluſion; but Narciſſus had been in the world ſixteen years, was brother and ſon to the water-nymphs, and therefore to be ſuppoſed converſant with fountains long before this fatal miſtake.

P. 131. l. 1. *You trees, ſays he,* &c.] Ovid is very juſtly celebrated for the paſſionate ſpeeches of his poem. They have generally abundance of nature in them; but I leave it to better judgments to conſider whether they are not often too witty and too tedious. The poet never cares for ſmothering a good thought that comes in his way, and never thinks he can draw tears enough from his reader, by which means our grief is either diverted or ſpent before we come to his concluſion; for we cannot at the ſame time be delighted with the wit of the poet, and concerned for the perſon that ſpeaks it; and a great critic has admirably well obſerved, 'Lamentationes debent eſſe breves et conci-'ſae; nam Lacrymae ſubito excreſcit, et difficile eſt 'Auditorem vel Lectorem in ſummo animi affectu 'diu tenere.' Would any one in Narciſſus's condition have cried out——'Inopem me copia fecit?' Or can any thing be more unnatural than to turn off from his ſorrows for the ſake of a pretty reflection?

O utinam noſtro ſecedere corpore poſſem!
Votum in Amante novum; vellem, quod amamus obeſſe t.

None, I ſuppoſe, can be much grieved for one that is ſo witty on his own afflictions. But I think we may every where obſerve in Ovid, that he employs his invention more than his judgment, and ſpeaks all the ingenious things that can be ſaid on the ſubject, rather than thoſe which are particularly proper to the perſon and circumſtances of the ſpeaker.

FAB. VII.

P. 134. l. 14. *When Pentheus thus.*] There is a great deal of ſpirit and fire in the ſpeech of Pentheus, but I believe none beſides Ovid would have thought of the tranſformation of the Serpent's teeth for an incitement to the Thebans courage, when he deſires them not to degenerate from their great fore-father the Dragon, and draws a parallel between the behaviour of them both.

Eſte, precor memores, qua ſitis ſtirpe creati;
Illiuſque animos, qui multos perdidit unus,
Sumite ſerpentis; pro fontibus ille, lacuque
Interiit; at vos pro fama vincite veſtra.
Ille dedit letho fortes, vos pellite molles,
Et patrium revocate decus.———

FAB. VIII.

The ſtory of Acetus has abundance of nature in all the parts of it, as well in the deſcription of his own parentage and employment, as in that of the

ſailors characters and manners. But the ſhort ſpeeches ſcattered up and down in it, which make the Latin very natural, cannot appear ſo well in our language, which is much more ſtubborn and unpliant, and therefore are but as ſo many rubs in the ſtory, that are ſtill turning the narration out of its proper courſe. The transformation at the latter end is vaſtly beautiful.

FAB. IX.

Ovid has two very good ſimiles on Pentheus, where he compares him to a river in a former ſtory, and to a war-horſe in the preſent.

TO HER

ROYAL HIGHNESS,

THE

PRINCESS OF WALES.

With the TRAGEDY of CATO, Nov. 1714.

THE Muſe that oft, with ſacred raptures fir'd,
Has gen'rous thoughts of Liberty inſpir'd,
And, boldly riſing for Britannia's laws,
Engag'd great Cato in her country's cauſe,
On you ſubmiſſive waits, with hopes aſſur'd,
By whom the mighty bleſſing ſtands ſecur'd,
And all the glories, that our age adorn,
Are promis'd to a people yet unborn.
No longer ſhall the widow'd land bemoan
A broken lineage, and a doubtful throne;
But boaſt her royal progeny's increaſe,
And count the pledges of her future peace.
O born to ſtrengthen and to grace our iſle!
While you, fair Princeſs, in your offspring ſmile,
Supplying charms to the ſucceeding age,
Each heavenly daughter's triumphs we preſage;
Already ſee th' illuſtrious youths complain,
And pity monarchs doom'd to ſigh in vain.

Thou too, the darling of our fond deſires,
Wholm Albion, opening wide her arms, requires,
With manly valour and attractive air
Shalt quell the fierce and captivate the fair.
O England's younger hope! in whom conſpire
The mother's ſweetneſs, and the father's fire!
For thee perhaps, even now, of kingly race
Some dawning beauty blooms in every grace,
Some Carolina, to heaven's dictates true,
Who, while the ſcepter'd rivals vainly ſue,
Thy inborn worth with conſcious eyes ſhall ſee,
And ſlight th' imperial diadem for thee.
Pleas'd with the proſpect of ſucceſſive reigns,
The tuneful tribe no more in daring ſtrains
Shall vindicate, with pious fears oppreſs'd,
Endanger'd rights, and liberty diſtreſs'd:
To milder ſounds each muſe ſhall tune the lyre,
And gratitude, and faith to kings inſpire,
And filial love; bid impious diſcord ceaſe,
And ſoothe the madding factions into peace;
Or riſe ambitious in more lofty lays,
And teach the nation their new Monarch's praiſe,
Deſcribe his awful look, and godlike mind,
And Caeſar's power with Cato's virtue join'd.
Mean-while, bright Princeſs, who, with graceful eaſe
And native majeſty, are form'd to pleaſe;
Behold thoſe arts with a propitious eye,
That ſuppliant to their great protectreſs fly!
Then ſhall thy triumph, and the Britiſh ſtage
Improve her manners, and refine her rage,
More noble characters expoſe to view,
And draw her finiſh'd heroines from you.

Nor you the kind indulgence will refuſe,
Skill'd in the labours of the deathleſs muſe:
The deathleſs muſe with undiminiſh'd rays
Through diſtant times the lovely dame conveys:
To Gloriana Waller's harp was ſtrung;
The queen ſtill ſhines, becauſe the poet ſung.
Ev'n all thoſe graces, in your frame combin'd,
The common fate of mortal charms may find:
(Content our ſhort-liv'd praiſes to engage,
The joy and wonder of a ſingle age,)
Unleſs ſome poet in a laſting ſong
To late poſterity their fame prolong,
Inſtruct our ſons the radiant form to prize,
And ſee your beauty with their father's eyes.

TO

Sir GODFRFY KNELLER,

ON HIS

PICTURE of the KING.

KNELLER, with ſilence and ſurprize
We ſee Britannia's monarch riſe,
A god-like form, by thee diſplay'd
In all the force of light and ſhade;
And, aw'd by thy deluſive hand,
As in the preſence-chamber ſtand.
The magic of thy art calls forth
His ſecret ſoul and hidden worth,
His probity and mildneſs ſhows,
His care of friends, and ſcorn of foes:
In every ſtroke, in every line,
Does ſome exalted virtue ſhine,
And Albion's happineſs we trace
Through all the features of his face.
O may I live to hail the day,
When the glad nation ſhall ſurvey
Their Sov'reign, through his wide command,
Paſſing in progreſs o'er the land!
Each heart ſhall bend, and every voice
In loud applauding ſhouts rejoice,

Whilſt all his gracious aſpect praiſe,
And crouds grow loyal as they gaze.
This image on the medal plac'd
With its bright round of titles grac'd,
And ſtampt on Britiſh coins ſhall live,
To richeſt ores the value give,
Or, wrought within the curious mould,
Shape and adorn the running gold.
To bear this form, the genial ſun
Has daily, ſince his courſe begun,
Rejoic'd the metal to refine,
And ripen'd the Peruvian mine.
Thou, Kneller, long with noble pride,
The foremoſt of thy art, has vied
With nature in a generous ſtrife,
And touch'd the canvas into life.
Thy pencil has, by monarchs ſought,
From reign to reign in ermine wrought,
And in their robes of ſtate array'd,
The kings of half an age diſplay'd.
Here ſwarthy Charles appears, and there
His brother with dejected air.
Triumphant Naſſau here we find,
And with him bright Maria join'd;
There Anna, great as when ſhe ſent
Her armies through the continent,
Ere yet her hero was diſgrac'd:
O may fam'd Brunſwick be the laſt,
(Though heav'n ſhould with my wiſh agree,
And long preſerve thy art in thee)
The laſt, the happieſt Britiſh king,
Whom thou ſhalt paint, or I ſhall ſing!

Wiſe Phidias, thus his ſkill to prove,
Through many a god advanc'd to Jove;
And taught the poliſh'd rocks to ſhine
With airs and lineaments divine;
Till Greece, amaz'd, and half afraid,
Th' aſſembled deities ſurvey'd.
Great Pan, who wont to chaſe the fair,
And lov'd the ſpreading oak was there;
Old Saturn too with up-caſt eyes
Beheld his abdicated ſkies;
And mighty Mars, for war renown'd,
In adamantine armour frown'd;
By him the childleſs goddeſs roſe,
Minerva, ſtudious to compoſe
Her twiſted threads; the web ſhe ſtrung,
And o'er a loom of marble hung:
Thetis, the troubled ocean's queen
Match'd with a mortal, next was ſeen,
Reclining on a funeral urn,
Her ſhort liv'd darling ſon to mourn.
The laſt was he whoſe thunder ſlew
The Titan race, a rebel crew,
That from a hundred hills ally'd
In impious leagues their king defy'd.
This wonder of the ſculptor's hand
Produc'd, his art was at a ſtand:
For who would hope new fame to raiſe,
Or riſk his well-eſtabliſh'd praiſe,
That, his high genius to approve,
Had drawn a George, or carv'd a Jove!

9 MR 53

FINIS.